How to obtain a "John Bull" Pen. See Coupon, page 19.

JOHN BULL

VOL. XXI. No 562 | MARCH 10, 1917. | ONE PENNY.

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

399370 A

For meaning of this number see p. iii of cover.

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue,
If Britain to itself do rest but true.

Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

SPECIAL OFFER

Post five penny stamps to EXCELDA Handkerchief Co., 60, Mosley Street, Manchester, and you will receive in return, post paid, one sample of superior quality *Gentleman's Full-sized Hemstitched* EXCELDA Handkerchief

This sample is sent by the manufacturer to the consumer to prove the exceptional good value of Excelda handkerchiefs. This offer applies in the United Kingdom only. To avoid mistakes please write name and address plainly and fully.

Only one sample will be supplied to each applicant

EXCELDA HANDKERCHIEFS

Steele's Adv. Ser.

You'd give her the Earth—

Give her "a little heaven" instead! Give her the dear little home she's set her heart on. Take her to the "Midland" Salons to-day and choose just what she and you together like best from the £100,000 worth of beautiful and splendidly-made furniture. You can have whatever you want. You can pay for it at your own convenience. And you will save money on every purchase.

Money buys more at the "Midland."

Compare the plainly-marked Midland prices with what you would be charged elsewhere for furniture of anything like the same quality. Comparison will convince you that the Midland give the utmost possible value for every shilling you spend.

If you decide to purchase for cash, the Midland allow ten per cent. discount. If you prefer to furnish out of income, under the Midland Ideal Terms, you are not charged a penny for interest or any extras whatsoever.

Write for the "Midland" Book of Furniture TO-DAY.

It is the finest and most comprehensive Guide to Furnishing ever published. It contains over 1,000 photographs actually taken inside the "Midland" Salons. A postcard brings it free.

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packed free of charge and forwarded carriage paid. Orders by post carefully and personally dealt with by a Special Manager.

Ideal Terms
(Town or Country).

Worth.	Per Month.
£10 - £0	5 6
£20 - 0	11 0
£30 - 0	16 6
£40 - 1	2 0
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Larger amounts pro rata.

10% Discount for Cash.

Free Life and Fire Insurance.

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Furnishing Company, Ltd.

Contractors to H.M. Crown Agents for the Colonies,

15-23, Southampton Row, Holborn, London, W.C.

Hours—9 till 7. Saturdays—9 till 1.

Free Zeppelin and Bombardment Insurance.

Rail Fares Paid.

Customers' fares to town paid on all orders of £20 and over.

Write To-day for the Midland Book of Furniture.

Drawing Room Suite.

This charming Suite comprises an elegant inlaid Mahogany Cabinet in Sheraton style, a Settee and two Easy Chairs beautifully upholstered and covered in tapestry to customer's choice, dainty inlaid Occasional Table and inlaid Occasional Chair.

£24 10s. 0d.

£24 10s. 0d.

ONE THOUSAND PRIZES FOR LADIES

ABSOLUTELY FREE!

FIRST PRIZE 50-GUINEA FUR COAT

ELEGANT FUR COAT
of fine quality
SEAL MUSQ ASH,
with collar, cuffs and flounce of Skunk.
Supplied by the
WHOLESALE FUR CO.
201, Regent St., London, W.

35 FIVE-GUINEA Tailor-made Costumes
Made to Measure in style of sketch, or other new season's design.
Supplied by
ROBINSON & CLEAVER,
The Linen Hall, Regent Street, W.

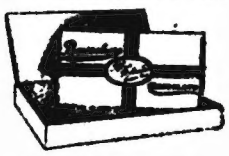
100 CHARMING SPORTS COATS
in latest styles and variety of Colours.
Supplied by
Messrs.
FINLAY & SONS,
Houldsworth St., Manchester.

N.B.—If your Newsagent has sold out send Penny Stamp for Free copy to the Publisher, 93, Long Acre, W.C.

700 VANITY BOXES.
Supplied by
Mdme. POMEROY,
29, Old Bond Street, W.

10 MAGNIFICENT FIVE-GUINEA GRAMOPHONES
("Regal" Compactophones)
EACH WITH SIX DOUBLE-SIDED RECORDS—12 TUNES.

200 BOXES OF BOISSELIER'S CHOCOLATES



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ALL THESE PRIZES

will be awarded in a very

SIMPLE AND EASY

Competition, which will run for a few weeks only, and in which everyone will have an equal chance of winning. There will be no pictures to solve, it will prove a pleasant pastime, and all that is necessary is ordinary common sense.

DO NOT MISS THIS SPLENDID OFFER
but get this week's "Everywoman's," which contains full particulars.

ON SALE TO-DAY ONE PENNY

Everywoman's 1D.

SPECIAL TO 'JOHN BULL' READERS ONLY.

Cut out this disc and see what it is worth to you in this week's "Everywoman's."

"THE WOMAN'S PAPER THAT IS DIFFERENT."

See "John Bull's" Advertisement Guarantee on page 23.

To WAR WORKERS

When you can't Smoke Why not *Chew?*

IT is astonishing how sustaining Wrigley's Chewing Gum is during a hard day's toil in the workshop when you cannot Smoke. It drives away fatigue, aids digestion, whitens the teeth, and preserves them from decay. Send some to your Soldier friends. They know how good it is and will appreciate the "Wrigley Gift." There is nothing pleases them so much as a few bars of

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT CHEWING GUM

½d. bar; 5 bars 2½d.; 40 bars 1/6

DROP A PACKET INTO EVERY LETTER YOU SEND.

Sold by all Confectioners, Tobacconists, Y.M.C.A. Huts, Government Canteens and Chemists (including all Branches of Boots Cash Chemists and Taylor's Drug Co., Ltd.).

Millions of Bars Sold every week to Soldiers, Sailors, War Workers, etc.

WRIGLEY'S LTD., Lambeth Palace Road, London, S.E.

Are You Troubled by ASTHMA?

Are you being almost suffocated by that horrid strangling cough? Are you kept awake night after night? Don't suffer longer but get Potter's Asthma Cure. Gives instant relief, and works wonders in Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, Whooping Cough and other lung troubles. *The best remedy for bronchitis children.*

POTTER'S Asthma Cure

is quite safe to use, it contains no opiates and neither causes headaches nor bad after-effects. It is so sure to give relief that you should accept Free Trial at once. Fill up form and you will receive Free Trial of Potter's Asthma Cure, and a little book "Are you Asthmatic?"—full of facts as to the cause, prevention and cure of asthma and bronchitis. Potter's Asthma Cure is supplied by chemists, herbalists and stores: 1s. 3s.

Sign this Form To-day

To Potter and Clarke, Ltd., Artillery Lane, London, E. Please send Free Trial of Potter's Asthma Cure.

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ADDRESS .....

John Bull .....

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IS THE SUPER CIGARETTE.

The 'Spinet' Features are:—
FINE OLD VIRGINIA,
CORK TIPS. OVAL SHAPE

NOTE THE CORK TIP

1/- per tin of 20

DUTY FREE FOR THE FRONT

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The GALLERY CANVASES (CANVAS—NOT PAPER) presented in tins of Spinet form an EXQUISITE MINIATURE ART COLLECTION of the WORLD'S FAMOUS PAINTINGS.

R & J. HILL LTD LONDON

BUSY MEN who always have to be WELL-DRESSED

find that their clothes can be kept in a new condition throughout the year by our well known *Tailor-valeting* Service. We scientifically clean them, do all minor repairs, re-shape and press them in West End style at an inclusive charge of

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LADIES also find our service the greatest boon and economy for cleaning, repairing, alterations and remodelling.
Send postcard for our special FREE booklet to Ladies.

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37 to 40 Great College Street, London, N.W.

(Under entirely British Ownership.)

On receipt of postcard, we collect FREE 10 miles from Charing Cross and deliver FREE on completion. Beyond, we parcel post and we post back FREE.

JOHN BULL

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XXI. No. 562. Week ending Saturday, March 10th, 1917. One Penny.

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—*KAISER*."

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

The Big Push.

We hear strange and conflicting rumours as to the views of the authorities. Sir Douglas Haig is all for pushing on, whilst others are for a "nibbling" programme—fearing that we may not be in a position to fill the gaps fast enough. It is any odds on Haig.

Donington Hall.

Travelling the other day to Liverpool, we observed several carriages reserved for German officers, *en route* to Donington Hall, and we noticed English officers politely passing luncheon baskets to them. On the platform a party of Tommies looked on, and this is what we heard one of them say——No, we had better *not* print it, or we should offend our family readers!

Those Traitor Princes.

We note that the Government is now drafting that much-delayed Bill. What was the matter with the one *we* printed?

A Good Example.

A Leeds reader tell us that the other Sunday he had the misfortune to attend the evening service at a local church, and heard "a most cowardly attack" upon us; whereupon, being decent-minded people, he and his wife got up and walked out of the church in the middle of the sermon. Other readers, please copy.

Bonus Bonds.

They are coming—and we mean to force the pace. Meanwhile, for the benefit of the purists, let us remind them that the first English Lottery was drawn on the steps of St. Paul's—in 1569—so that the scheme has the odour of sanctity about it.

The Angelus.

What a lot of villages are adopting this splendid institution—amongst them being South Raynham, the home of General Townshend. But why do most of them ring the Bell at noon? Sunset is the time. That is the most poetic hour of all the day.

Still at It!

We recently paid a visit to Eastbourne, where we had some wonderful "houses" at the Hippodrome—notwithstanding the fact, or, perhaps, because of the fact, that the town was flooded with pernicious literature—the man Morel's "Truth About the War" being much in evidence. Oh, for a real Business Government! He would soon know the truth then.

A "Golden" Wedding!

The Prince and Princess of Schleswig-Holstein recently celebrated their golden wedding—in London! A most appropriate function, considering that they have already drawn £300,000 from the British taxpayer.

Prophetic!

Quoth the Herr Dr. Spahn, of the Germhun "Centre" Party, as reported by Reuter: "All the damage and loss of property must be borne by the originators of the war." Truth will out—even in the Reichstag.

All the Difference.

It is all very well for Captain Bathurst, M.P., to assure an unsugared community that there is enough sugar to go round; what they want him to do is to hustle and get it distributed on the square.

Sugar.

Some of our readers complain that although certain popular caterers have decreased the supply of sugar served with tea and coffee, they are still charging the same price; and it is suggested that the extra profit should go to the Government. Perhaps, however, the caterers could point out another side to the picture.

Two B.s.

According to the *Catholic Herald*, "Blatchford wants to regain the hold he once was thought to have on the British proletariat. That was before 'Horatio' appeared." And now, it seems, "Blatchford and Bottomley are the self-elected prophets to the British people." We have no idea of any election, so far as we are concerned.

Those P.O.s.

We heartily endorse the plea of the *Daily Mail* for the "sacking" of many of the Permanent Officials, to whom much of the muddle of the past has been due. Red-tape is still the curse of the country. How many valuable cargoes of food, for instance, have recently been lost in consequence of the ships being sent, on arrival, from one port to another, and being torpedoed *en route*?

The New Journalism.

By the way, how the general Press is beginning to copy our own "vulgar" style! Imagine an important daily paper, twenty years ago, talking of "sacking" people! And did you notice those recent letters in the *Times* on the subject of the New Criminal Law Amendment Bill? Bravo, Lord Northcliffe!

Huge Air Raids Threatened. Sign our Free Insurance Coupon—page iii. of Cover.

"*Sober* as a Lord."

Lord Headley tells us that the other night he had a box at the Coliseum, and wishing to send some flowers to two of the singers, he found that, it being after 8 'clock, he could not buy any. The same thing happened when he asked for a box of matches—"Sorry, my Lord, but it is against the law." And we like his Lordship's retort—"Hang it all, I can't get drunk on flowers and matches!"

"*Drunk* as a Judge."

Which reminds us of the story of the witness who said the Plaintiff was "as drunk as a Judge." "You mean," said his Lordship, "as drunk as a *Lord*"—to which came the unconscious retort, "Yes, *My Lord*."

Fun of the Fair.

How is it that Government clerks so often seem incapable of drawing up a circular sensibly? A new example arises out of the forthcoming British Industries Fair, to be held at the Victoria and Albert Museum and the Imperial Institute. The printed "Memorandum of Information for Buyers" gives this valuable intimation: "A catalogue containing information regarding the best means of reaching the Fair from all parts of London will be obtainable at the Fair, but will not be available before the opening day." How sweetly useful to know that, when you arrive at the Fair, you will be furnished with complete instructions how to get there!

Concerning the Widows.

There are at least two classes of war widows. One is the woman approaching middle age, who has lost her man—her all—after, say, from 10 to 14 years of happy married life. The other is the girl, married suddenly for pure affection's sake—who has perhaps never made a home with her lost love, but has continued to reside with her parents and has still kept to her situation. We know it is hard to draw distinctions, because each has lost the mate she loved; but surely the first picture is the sadder—that of the ageing woman left alone, to turn out and fight the world afresh. Would anybody begrudge her the larger pension of the two?

Bad Templars.

The *Good Templar*, a penny monthly, calling itself the Organ of the Grand Lodge of Scotland, used to form part of our favourite Sunday reading. But we must give the go-by to an organ with such a note as this: "Our war against the drink is more vitally important than our war against the Germans." That is sheer lunacy. But this discord from the organ was more mischievous in intention: "We Good Templars should not subscribe a single penny to the War Loan till . . . assurance is given that none of it shall be used for the National Purchase of the Drink Traffic." As it turned out, Good Patriots who subscribed to the Loan made up for the Bad Templars.

The Mental Deficiency Act.

A West Country boy of 13, described by the doctors as "a moral imbecile," was dealt with under the provisions of the Mental Deficiency Act of 1913—that is, he was detained pending admission to "a suitable institution." For the moment, however, there was no vacancy in any "certified school," so in the meanwhile the young wastrel, convicted of gross indecency, was sent to the local workhouse. Now comes the intimation that he has been discharged from the care of the Guardians and permitted to return to an ordinary Council school, where his influence upon other children may be of a most pernicious kind. What on earth does it all mean? This is the kind of gross stupidity which brings Bumbledom into contempt.

A Premium on Fraud.

The other day the manager of an important branch of the Union of London and Smiths Bank was charged with falsifying his accounts; and it transpired that his salary was £200 a year. "Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat"—and who handles large sums of money should be decently paid.

An Echo!

The other day we were looking through an old press-cutting book, and came across a speech of our own, made just after the Hornsey Election—our first Parliamentary contest—at the end of 1887. We were referring to the serious illness of the Emperor Frederick of Germany, and we said that after his death "the country would have to be prepared to face real danger, as the new Kaiser was no friend of Britain." We were evidently quite a bright young man!

Missing Seats.

North Fulham Special Constables, like others, were permitted seats in the boxes at their points. But those pieces of wood were suddenly missing. Inquiries brought the intimation that the seats must not be mentioned any more, as they were "not allowed." That is very rude and also very inconsiderate to elderly men who have given their time voluntarily for two years. Four or five hours' night duty after a day's work entitles a man to sit down for a few minutes at his point.

areful Cardiff.

One of our good gunners in France used to work for the Corporation of Cardiff. When he joined the Colours they promised to make up his wages beyond the level of army pay. He has a wife and four children, and Cardiff had only to allow the wife 2s. weekly. Now that the Government has increased her official bit of money by 3s. 6d. Cardiff writes: "In consequence of the increased Separation Allowances there will be no further War Service Allowance payable by the Corporation." When Government gives 3s. 6d., Cardiff knocks off 2s. And that is so very, very mean and paltry that we hope its citizens will kick.

A Bitter Outburst.

Coventry Munitions Tribunal fined a man 20s. for losing time. Had he been fit, we should say, "Quite correct." But this was an ex-soldier who had lost an arm in the war. He was trying to keep a widowed mother; two brothers had been killed; a third was a prisoner of war. The work was too much for him; he "could not stick it, as he was unfit," and had sent a medical certificate. When fined, he cried, "How are you going to get it? I am leaving my work to-night. I should like to see all you gentlemen out at the front." A bitter outburst, but was it unjustified?

"Drastic Action."

According to Captain Bathurst, M.P.—the Food Controller's understudy—Lord Devonport is going "to take drastic action in the event of an increase in the price of any food commodities taking place which is not justified by the circumstances." The public have had to wait a long time for drastic action against the exploiters of the sugar scarcity, but up-to-date there has been nothing doing; they charge whatever they like and make any conditions they please. So the teamen. Mr. Lloyd George had scarcely finished his peroration when firms again raised the price of tea, though what they have to sell cost them not a single farthing more a ton at the end of the speech than at the beginning. This is sheer bleeding, without conscience and without blush.

The most Popular Pen in the Trench—the "John Bull" Pen. See Coupon, page 19.

Why?

Why is there a weekly collection for wounded soldiers' rations, a collecting card for which is exposed in the Primrose Club, St. James's, S.W.? If it be true that the wounded soldiers in hospital do not get enough to eat, then it is time the rest of us starved so that they may be properly fed back to health.

Beyond a Joke.

Recently we treated in a jocular manner the objection of Naval officers to captains of cross-Channel steamers wearing gold oak-leaves on their cap-peaks. It has, however, its serious side. The captains have been ordered to displace the oak-leaves by plain gold bands, while the braid on their sleeves must be two-eighths of an inch instead of three-eighths. Apart from the irritating annoyance of these slightful orders, is there one reasonable person who thinks this the time of day to indulge in such pettifogging but expensive changes?

Something Wrong.

Inside information from a firm of Glasgow engineers: "At one of the surface tables four women receive £2 5s. a week each and a male supervisor receives £2 8s.—making a total of £11 8s. weekly. Previous to dilution, a man and a boy did the same work for £2 10s. a week between them. Thus in one little shop is one little job costing the country £8 18s. a week more than it should. When it takes four women and one man to do the work of one man and one boy at ——." It sounds like one of those funny sums which used to puzzle us at school.

Peculiar Gifts.

There is an interesting page in the *Adwick-le-Street Parish Magazine*, for it contains the "Balance Sheet, etc., for Soldiers and Sailors' Christmas Gifts, 1916." Some nice subscriptions are recorded, and there is also a column of "Expenditure," some of which was, doubtless, necessary. But these two items puzzle one: "Church Warden's Memorial, £1 1s.," and "Lamp for Pulpit, £2." As they were apparently paid for out of the fund for gifts, we are led to marvel whether the Soldiers and Sailors got that Church Warden's Memorial, the Lamp—or the Pulpit!

"Kidnapped."

A mother with a breaking heart tells how her little boy of six—her only one—was "kidnapped" in the streets "by the London County Council." By the Magistrate's order he was sent away, boarded out near Brighton—a 12s. fare for the distracted mother! They tell her she can have the boy back "when she has a home for him." Her rooms are "neat and tidy," but she goes out to work. Her landlady would send the child to school with her own son—but, no; he must stay with a foster-mother, who has four children of her own and three boarders. We think the boy would be better with his mother.

Landlords *and* Landlords.

In the district of the East End explosion most of the landlords whose property has been seriously damaged have indicated to the tenants that they may live rent free in their old homes if they can find shelter in them until such time as the places can be repaired. Not so the Midland Railway Company. One house of theirs had been occupied by a family for over 25 years, "and although every window except one was smashed and a door blown in which has not been replaced" up till at any rate a few days ago, when the tenant wrote us: "They sent a strong young fellow—who should be elsewhere—to say we must pay the whole of the rent, although there is only one room that is fit for use." The Midland Railway Company do not appear in the directory as a philanthropic institution.

Combing—In!

Final paragraph of "Notice to Staff and Workmen of Military Age," posted at H.M. Factory, Gretna: "Unskilled and semi-skilled men over 22 and under 31 years of age, even if passed for General Service, will be retained if their services are required in the Factory." So there you are again!

Work for Women.

"Anywhere I go for a bit of work, they say they must not give the Government work out." The statement is made by a soldier's wife, who bought a special machine to enable her to sew canvas straps for horse rugs, nose-bags, bomb slings and bandoliers. She would gladly do the work at home, and as she has three children, her husband rightly says home is her place. But why the work should be refused to her passes comprehension. The restriction seems absurd in the case of such women.

Parcels for Prisoners.

The Prisoners of War Help Committee (Monmouthshire Regiment) write to us about the sugar, jam, beans, etc., referred to by us last month. We have every pleasure in stating that those good goods were not intended for Germans, but for British prisoners of war in Germany. The mistake arose from a letter in a London newspaper, and the writer of that communication has apologised for his error. We are certainly sorry that we were misled. Instead of criticising the Help Committee (of Newport, Mon.) we congratulate them on their good work for twenty months.

Enemy Monks.

We have more than once expressed the view that the German and Austrian monks at Buckfast Abbey should be snugly and safely interned. Our opinion is now endorsed by the Totnes Magistrates, who recently had before them an application by the Chief Constable of Devon for the "conscription" of Special Constables for guard duty at the Abbey. However, the Bench held the view that "the duty of watching the alien enemies at the Abbey was not a local but a national one....and that the German and Austrian residents should be sent to an internment camp." Quite right, too.

"No Class" Class A.

Proceedings before the Fife Appeal Tribunal disclose that "the Special Medical Board, comprised of such experts as Colonel H. O. Trevor, Dr. Byrom Bramwell, and Dr. James Hodsdon, President of the Royal College of Surgeons," have passed a hairdresser for General Service, "though at the present time the applicant is under treatment for pulmonary consumption by Sir Robert Philip, and the Medical Officer of Health in the borough where he resided has had him isolated and the house disinfected." The reason given by the Military Representative was that phthisis "would be more likely to disappear under the healthy outdoor life of a soldier than in the confinement of a hair-dresser's shop." Here at last is a solution of one of the problems of the ninepence-for-fourpence Insurance Act!

"Rope 'em All In!"

Then an 18-year-old lad—an agricultural labourer, living at Horsepool, Bromham—was, by reason of a withered arm, unable to take his coat off or "even put a potato in his mouth on a fork with his left hand," yet the Medical Board had passed him for General Service. The Military Representative in this case agreed that the lad was utterly unfit for the Army, and the Appeal Tribunal gave him Total Exemption. By way of a change, perhaps the Military Representative will make representations in the proper quarter that somebody should now medically examine the Medical Board.

Do you want £1,000? If so, see page 24.

The Names Act.

Whilst we are all for exposing the tricks of the Hun, we mustn't lose our heads. To make a "British-born subject," who may for family reasons have changed his name many years ago, disclose the fact in all business documents is surely going *too* far. The Act is very clumsily drafted.

Fpi copal.

News from the scene of action: According to the Rev. Dr. Stevens, Bishop of Barking, "The bells of victory will soon be ringing in England, but God forbid there should be any revelry." Quite right; let us all form up in solemn procession to the bench of Bishops and thank them for the astounding efforts they have made to win the war.

Hospital or Shop?

A serious side to the sugar question is suggested by news from the City of London Hospital for Diseases of the Chest, Victoria Park. Owing to the sugar scarcity it is running short of its special cough mixture, an essential factor towards the relief of many thousands of sufferers. Patients are asked if they can manage without it, and the less seriously afflicted cheerfully comply, for the sake of those in worse straits. It is wrong that hospitals should go short while confectioners seem abundantly supplied.

Bread and Water.

For insulting a non-com. on parade, a soldier at Stafford was ordered bread and water in confinement. He added to his "crimes" by being in bed at 6.30 a.m. So he was sentenced to four days' bread and water—eight ounces of bread in the morning; the same at night. Yet he was suffering from anæmia, and was taking iron pills. He complained of illness, was dazed, walked into a staircase, saw the doctor, and was ordered off to the Infirmary—but died at the gates. An invalid, in bitter weather, fed on bread and water for days! The jury thought the diet "insufficient." We wish they had recorded all their other thoughts.

A Bad Baby

Mr. Wackford Squeers, of Dotheboys Hall, would answer the following advertisement, if he were alive: "Good Cottage Home Wanted for Boy, 7, with kind people; some experience with backward children; must not live with other children, as bad moral character. 10s. a week offered by lady interested in case." Only imagine the "bad moral character" of that reprobate child, a castaway condemned at seven years—what a dissolute, debauched, villainous baby he must be! As for the "lady interested," we cannot call it a kind heart that so blackens a little boy's "moral character." Perhaps he needs a touch of affection.

Too Old at 32.

Mr. Neville Chamberlain is calling for women, thousands on thousands of them; at a certain projectile factory women volunteers are being turned down because they are too old at 32. So at least we are informed by a woman of that age, who was told they could find her nothing to do. What are they seeking—contingents of flappers?

Well Done, Walthamstow!

Tired of masquerading as a glorified rural community, the vast district of Walthamstow has now been supplied, through the public spirit of Councillor H. P. Martin, with a special chain and jewel of office, to be worn in future by the Chairman of the Council. No more fitting time for the inauguration of this new distinction could have been chosen than during the chairmanship of Mr. J. C. Hammond, J.P., who has given an air of civic dignity to the place.

Huts and Tents.

Down Farnborough way some newly arrived German prisoners have been nicely accommodated in huts, conveniently and comfortably fitted. But canvas is considered good enough for the Royal Flying Corps, and has been so considered all through the late severe weather. Add to the canvas and the weather a stagnant ditch, and then ask why the positions should not be reversed. Is the Boche always to be the "most favoured"?

The Lure of the Limelight.

Every revue on the road is not a success—for the artists. There was one playing lately in London, twice nightly and a morning show, 13 performances in the week. For this hard work the members of the chorus were paid the magnificent sum of 13s. 9d.—not to be divided among them, but actually a whole 13s. 9d. apiece! With the extravagance of stage folk, they soon spent the money, and asked the manager for a "sub." early in the following week. He, being kind-hearted, advanced a little cash—and was summarily dismissed by the proprietor for so doing!

Paid too Soon.

A good householder on January 24th received intimation that his Aircraft premium fell due on February 11th, and that no days of grace would be allowed. Being what we have said he is, he paid up like a man in fine time—at the early doors, as it were. Six days later, the Government announced the Aircraft Insurance premiums would be reduced by 50 per cent. But he gets no money back. It was solemnly said in Parliament, "It is not possible to make any refund." Even a Government Department need not be so rapacious as to milk a man's pocket for paying too promptly.

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"Bradford Football Argus":—
"Women lamplighters will shortly be seen in the SUBMARINE districts of London."

"Cambridge Daily News" (advertisement):—
"Wanted, Tailoress to HELP ON TROUSERS AND BREECHES."

"Shepton Mallet Journal":—
"Farrington Sale . . . Potatoes 37s. EACH."

"Lancashire Daily Post":—
"Beer will cost 1s. PER PINT before long. The PRESENT AVERAGE PRICE 1s. 6d."

"Birmingham Evening Despatch":—
"It was alleged that he attended to the lamp, but by a mistake CONNECTED THE POSITIVE WIFE WITH THE NEGATIVE PLUG"

E. P. Oppenheim (in "Adventures of Peter Ruff"):—
"'Ah!' Mr. Barnes murmured, solemnly SHAVING his head."

"Cork Examiner" (advertisement):—
"Wanted, by a farmer's daughter, position as farm servant; can MILK 9 OR 10 sows, and do all farm work."

"Worthing Gazette" (advertisement):—
"Eggs for Sitting, fine strain Wyandottes (DIRECT FROM Miss Edwards)."

"Financial Times" (advertisement):—
"The above Inventor and Patentee will be greatly obliged if ANYONE THAT HE OWES MONEY TO WILL FORWARD THE AMOUNT not later than this month, otherwise he WILL NOT ACKNOWLEDGE AFTER."

"The Girl's Friend":—
"Love had been a closed DOOR, and she had never peeped into its PAGES."

"Saturday Post":—
"At Meadow Lane, on November 11th, Lincoln City BEAT Notts County by FOUR GOALS TO NINE."

Candid Communications.

This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities.

To General Sir William Robertson, Chief of the Imperial Staff.

DEAR SIR WILLIAM,—Recent British victories in France and Mesopotamia reflect the greatest credit not only upon the commanders in the field, aided by the valour of our splendid troops, but upon the far-seeing strategy of the General Staff; and in these vital affairs you have more than made good your claim to the complete confidence of the nation. In a peculiar degree you enjoy the respect of all sections of the Army, and I fancy that in time to come the date of your appointment to Whitehall may be regarded as one of the "red-letter days" of the war. God speed your plans!

JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. J. W. Lowther, M.P., Speaker of the House of Commons.

MR. SPEAKER, SIR,—The House of Commons has now imposed upon itself the restrictions upon its drink traffic it has imposed upon others. It has long been the only Royal Palace where drink is sold and people stand treat, and this during hours when the pub and the club are as teetotal as a parish tea fight or a mothers' meeting. Though the proposer of the resolution, Mr. Tom Wing, is a pumpuritan of the deepest die, its seconder, Mr. Faber, takes a little wine for his stomach's sake, and the support of Mr. Bonar Law, a Scotsman addicted to ginger ale, settled the matter. I trust Colonel Lockwood, the Chairman of the Kitchen Committee of the House, will take care that the spirits consumed on the premises during unprohibited hours are within the limits of aquosity required by the regulations for the saving of tonnage, and that members will not be permitted to obtain over-much for fourpence. I have hopes of taking wine with some of them within the precincts when the wicked cease from troubling and D'Abernon is at rest. Mr. Speaker, Sir, I look towards you.

JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. George Barnes, M.P., Pensions Minister.

DEAR MR. BARNES,—Your new Pensions Scheme marks a considerable advance on previous arrangements, but its figures are not a shade more generous than the situation imperatively demands. Unfortunately, there is still a tendency in some quarters to regard war pensions as a special concession or reward—as an "act of grace" instead of as the normal recognition of a just and equitable claim. In point of fact, if the grants proposed were far greater than they are, we should be paying but a small part of our great debt of honour to the men maimed in our service and to the memory of fallen heroes. I am glad to know that you share this view.

JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. Lord St. Audries, Williton Police Court.

MY LORD,—I address you in your capacity as a Justice of the Peace, my purpose being to endorse and emphasise your recent declaration that "if consumers are on their honour to eat only a limited amount of bread, the bakers are still more on their honour to give full weight." This matter is one upon which I have frequently expressed strong opinions, and I am glad that in these hard times some magistrates are waking up to the importance of providing the public with a square deal in regard to bread rations. In particular, I welcome your distinguished co-operation.

JOHN BULL.

To Private Victor Grayson, New Zealand Army Corps.

DEAR GRAYSON,—I well remember you as a Socialist Member of Parliament for the Spen Valley Division, and something of a firebrand at that; and now comes the news that of your own free will you have joined the New Zealand forces. "I am a Socialist," you say, "yet will wear the uniform of a warrior with good logic and a bright spirit . . . and if I can account for one of the vassals of the world's mad dog I shall have done my bit towards the world's restoration." That's the talk, my lad, and may good luck go with you. You evidently have nothing in common with curs of the Snowden-Morel breed.

JOHN BULL.

To Sir Walter Runciman, Bart., M.P.

DEAR SIR WALTER,—About what you are pleased to call "the wholesome vitals of our national well-being" I am as much concerned as you are, but I am not greatly impressed by your series of "admonitions" to the National Government. There was a time when you had a natural right to give fatherly advice to the President of the Board of Trade, but your present intervention needs a better excuse than is to be found in the disappointment of parental ambition. To accuse Ministers of "wasting public money" and "frightening the public by words" is to transcend the limits of fair criticism and to rank yourself with the jaundiced grumblers who are hindering the work of victory. Do be quiet!

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. and Mrs. Gilchrist, Milk Dealers, Chapelizod, Co. Dublin.

SIR AND MADAM,—You are a well-matched pair; for brutal cruelty I should think there isn't very much to choose between you. I don't care what your daughter, a girl of 17, did; she may have broken a kettle, or told lies, or stolen food, as you told the Lucan Magistrates she did, but nothing could justify the way you ill-treated her. "Evidence was to the effect that the girl had been horsewhipped by the father and stepmother, the latter also beat the child with a sweeping brush and chastised her with nettles, with the result that she ran into a pond to escape. She had to rise at 3.30 a.m., make breakfast, do housework, and clean the stables and yard in her bare feet." The Chairman said it was "the worst case which had ever come before the Bench." That being so, you should have received the severest punishment it was in his power to inflict, instead, the pair of you got off for a total fine of £3. Your deserts would have been a period in gaol, with hard labour, or, in the alternative, deportation to Germhuny, or any other place where brutes are wanted. I don't think they are wanted to father and mother Irish girls.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. O. W. Wilde, Vicar of St. Ives, Hunts.

MY DEAR VICAR,—You are quite right; "the consolation of the afflicted ought to carry greater weight than mere legal forms." Why you did not "obtain a faculty" before erecting the War Altar in the church I do not know; you certainly should have done so according to law—but for the Consistory Court to order you to pull it down is a deplorable excess of ecclesiastical prerogative, more especially as the Court was moved to act by a Dr. Grove on grounds of doctrine, and they found against you only on grounds of discipline. On that decision you must remove the War Altar to purge your offence, but there can be no objection to your being granted a faculty should you wish to erect it again.

JOHN BULL.

To J. Kinghorn, Esq., Magistrate, City Police Court, Liverpool.

DEAR DEP. STIPENDIARY,—I am afraid you are touched with the slows. You had before you Hans Vieman, 27, a German, on the serious charge that, "being an enemy alien, he made a false statement" to an alien's officer. He pleaded guilty, and said he was under the influence of alcohol at the time. Your wise rejoinder was, "The truth sometimes comes out then." I am sorry to say that compliment upon your wisdom is the only one I can pay you. The man had called himself Freeman, said he was born in Cleveland, Ohio, as his father and mother had also been. It was all a pack of lies, for he was a German, born in Holstein, his parents being now in Hamburg. Disregarding those startling and illuminating facts, you seem to have relied on the silly opinion of a detective, who "didn't think there was very much harm in him." Not "very much harm"? He was a proven liar, masquerading under a false name. Was that not harm enough? Who was to measure the motives of the man? You did not attempt to do so. You fined him 40s., or 21 days. So I suppose there is yet one more able-bodied young liar of a Hun at large in Liverpool. Of course you know where the man ought to be—in a hut, with barbed wire round it. And I am sorry you missed your chance to place him there.

JOHN BULL.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL HUMBUG.

PAPER, THE BRITISH PRESS, AND THE PEOPLE'S PLACARD.

By Charles Palmer.

WE are accused by those who do not like us of being a nation of hypocrites. Hypocrisy and humbug are close of kin, and it is quite certain that, whatever be our national faults, we do not like being humbugged. Now, are we not being rather made fools of over this question of the price and size of newspapers? Is there not just a suspicion that the Press—that wonderful Press which has worked such miracles for the efficient waging of war—is indulging in an unconscionable amount of leg-pulling? Is it quite fair? Does the British public—second only to the "great and free" nation on the other side of the Atlantic in its love of newspaper reading—really deserve to be made a fool of? We are reaching the point of drastic rationing in the way of paper, and the great ones of journalism are vulgarly tumbling over each other in the frantic effort to assure the reading public that "Codlin's your friend, not Short." Neither Codlin nor Short, in my opinion, matters anything to the newspaper reader. He wants his news or his views, and he is prepared to pay for them. But I don't think he is such a fool as to mistake "patriotism on a cash basis" for Fleet Street self-sacrifice.

Storm in a Tea-cup.

To an old journalist this Battle of the Press, this Paper Warfare, is quite amusing. We see the inky belligerents ranged against each other. But it is all a question of business, and the difference of method of the various sections of the Press is just—well, difference of method. Let me put the problem thus: According to the Government—and we know it to be true—there is a serious shortage of shipping. The submarine goes its malicious way, sinking tonnage at sight. That is one—by no means the only or the main—reason of the trouble. We are using hundreds of thousands of shipping tonnage in the conduct of the war, transporting troops to France and further afield, carrying munitions and food to our fighting men, and also fuel and munitions to our Allies. And neutral shipping is not available. All this means that we are short of ships for the all-important business of provisioning ourselves, and in a hundred ways it has been found necessary to cut off imports which are not essential to our existence. Of course, if before—or in the early days of—the war that wonderful thing called a Government had had the courage to meet the coming difficulty, and had made it possible for us to grow more of what we eat, we should not be dodging Fate now.

Breakfast *v.* Newspaper.

One of the things not essential to our existence is the newspaper. I think, if this were the occasion, I could make out a good case for a certain weekly journal as being as near essential as makes no difference to hundreds of thousands of good citizens. But, as Mr. Lloyd George put it the other day, if in the end we have to choose between our breakfasts and our newspapers, there would be no hesitation in making the choice. It hasn't come to that yet. And it will be a bad day for this country if and when it does. When we realise all that the Press of this country has done to help to win this war, then I am not quite sure whether it would not be better to forgo my breakfast and feast on my *Times*. But the Press, without distinction, is called upon to make further sacrifices to national necessity. Let it be done with a good grace and without bickering. "Dog eat dog" is one of the stupid sins of Fleet Street. But for that old spirit of antagonisms and jealousies, the Press in this war would have achieved yet greater things for efficiency—that is, for victory. If, as we must, we are to use less paper in the production of our various periodicals, surely the obvious and common sense—I had almost written honest—way to do it is to reduce the size of each periodical. There is not a paper in the country which, in my opinion, has not been all the better—and that means the more readable—because of the enforced curtailment of size. There were a good many things which were important enough in peace times which to-day, as we recall them—and how many of us *can* recall them all?—seem small and of no account against the angry background of war.

Bulk and Shadow.

An end, then, to all this nonsense. The prime way to keep down the demand for paper is to reduce size. Put up the price, if you like, but don't pretend that by doing so you are endeavouring to dissuade your readers from buying you, when all the time you are spending good money on advertising that you are a better paper at a penny than you were at a halfpenny. If I don't want to sell a thing, I certainly don't go to the trouble and expense of advertising its wonderful merits. To increase the size of a newspaper and the price, and then, like Jack Horner, exclaim "See what a good boy am I," is a little joke worthy only of the nursery rhyme. Commercialism, not humour, is the *forte* of Fleet Street. Could you have a better illustration of that truth than in the merry fight between the double-priced papers and what have been called, with a characteristic half-truth, the Shadow Press?

The Window of the Mind.

Now, it is because I am so profound a believer in the value to the nation at this of all times of a powerful and independent Press that I view with misgiving any action which tends to wastefulness in paper, and therefore to jeopardise the continuance of what I hold to be the most beneficial influence in our national life to-day. And that brings me to one feature of the proposed new restrictions which I think is from a public standpoint a mistake. I see it announced that newspaper placards are now forbidden. If that step is taken, it will be closing the window to the mind of the People. Why, there is nothing more heartens and encourages the man or woman, when passing through the streets of our great towns, than the news on the placards. Those sheets are the real free press to thousands who cannot afford the nimble halfpenny for the latest edition. In a flash, as he who runs may read, the news of some great event is mirrored on the mind. Think what it would mean if there were no placards and no "Peace Declared" was emblazoned in happy print throughout the length and breadth of the land! What would have happened in those days of Kitchener's call to our manhood if the newspapers had not shouted the patriotic appeal from a million placards? I wonder—and I know something about it—what those who called the money from the pockets of the People would have done without the poster and the placard. No; restrict paper an it please you, Mr. Government, according to national necessities, but leave the newspapers to conduct their business in their own way, to use their paper supply as they think fit, whether in pages or placards, and don't shut that window to the heart and mind of the People, which by being kept open has done so much to inform and inspire the national spirit.

THE FOOD-HOG AND THE PROFITEER.

(Suggested by "The Walrus and the Carpenter.")

The Food-Hog and the Profiteer were busy in the land;
They wept like anything to read the Orders just to hand.
"If these were only swept away," they said, "it *would* be grand!"

THE GOOD DAYS COMING.

THE ROUGHEST PATHS LEAD TO THE GREATEST HEIGHTS.

By A. G. Hales.

THE news from Kut-el-Amara, and the story of the German army's retreat on the Western front, all make good and pleasant reading, and we know we are driving in a few inches the wedge which will some day rend the Germanic Empire asunder. It may be that Hindenburg is shortening his line in the West in order to set free an army to invade Holland and make a rush for the sea at Flushing, as I pointed out as a possible happening on this page a few weeks back, or the Kaiser may mean to make an advance via Schleswig-Holstein; in either case it will be a tacit admission that Germany cannot break the British lines and reach the sea at Calais, the most coveted spot of all; to that extent, at all events, we have demonstrated our military superiority. The capture of Kut-el-Amara by us is not at this stage a military matter of as much importance as it would have been if we had advanced upon the place in time to save General Townshend and his staff. But as a matter of political gravity, the seizure of Kut is a triumph, the effects of which will even now be felt all over the Far East. It has long been a saying in Eastern lands that "if you drive out a British force, or destroy it, another is certain to come and avenge it." And this capture will instil into Eastern minds the fundamental truth of the saying which had become a proverb; it will quieten the malcontents and make the loyal still more determined to be true to their salt.

The Meaning of Bagdad.

Kut-el-Amara is the halfway house to Bagdad, from our end. Bagdad is the halfway house to the Persian Gulf and our Indian frontiers, from the German point of view. Both we and they are determined to have Bagdad—and it is going to be ours. Kut's chief value to us will be its utility as a military base—it does not dominate the surrounding country; it has no natural advantages either for attack or defence; it is simply a point where we can, and doubtless will, concentrate men and munitions, and, above all, military hospitals. When General Townshend was ordered to push on and take Bagdad before supplies of all kinds were collected at Kut, and before reserves were moved up to that place, he was compelled by his Superior to attempt what even an amateur strategist of ordinary knowledge and intelligence would not have ordered—but he got his orders and obeyed, as any General should, no matter what his personal opinions might be. In the end, he had to fall back upon Kut, which was unvictualled and unsupplied with supports of any kind, and the result was—tragedy. We are informed that the Turkish forces recently beaten near Kut have fallen back like a mob, and will enter Bagdad as a rabble. I hope this is a correct estimate, but many of the troops with the Turkish regulars are native levies, and they invariably fall into wild disorder when badly beaten, because military discipline is not strong in them. But that is a matter of temperament as well as training, and if pulled together sharply by seasoned officers they rally generally almost as quickly as they disorganise. We do not need to be too cocksure about "a military rabble" entering Bagdad, or we may have a second and a worse disaster. A great and permanent military camp should at once be organised at Kut, all the food stuffs now at the coast should be rushed up, and reserves of troops marched there without delay—so that, even if a repulse happens at Bagdad, Kut will be a sheet-anchor. We must be in a position to strike again and again, if need be, at Bagdad—and hammer at it until it falls. Then the plans of Marshal von der Goltz will be smashed in at least one essential particular. If the real Turkish Army is dispirited and beaten and yields at Bagdad after a half-hearted fight, we can consider that phase of the war completely won, and our prestige away up in the mountain tops in all the Far East, where events are being closely watched.

The Feeling in Britain.

Not only in the Far East is the good news on the battle fronts noted and commented upon; a sense of sober thankfulness is awake in Britain, and in the oversea dependencies, where the advantages gained by our troops are looked upon as the forerunner of better things to come; and already men and women of progressive thought are beginning to ask themselves, and ask each other, in what way this war, so costly in human life and in treasure, is going to be turned to account to benefit the people of the Empire—for on this point the masses are agreed as one man, that we shall not go back to the bad old days immediately preceding 1914, otherwise all the sorrow and suffering will be in vain. Others will not lightly forget the mighty valour of the soldiers of the little army that was sent as a sacrifice to Mons to check the victorious rush of the German host. That little army was not sent to beat the Kaiser's great array—no one was mad enough to think they would or could; they were sent to hold the enemy whilst France recovered from the paralysing shock of invasion, and they did what they were sent to do, and did it nobly, paying the price without a murmur. And no one knows this better than our own people, and no one is more determined that all the sacrifices made on the altar of nationhood shall not be in vain. Behind the war stands the great principle of national reform; never again will we permit men to work almost as serfs on the land, for which those men died so heroically—never again in this, the richest land under heaven, shall labourers on the land be brought to the level of the ancient Saxon hinds, toiling from dawn till dusk and keeping wife and family on twelve, fourteen, or fifteen shillings per week; for those farm labourers have been doing their share of the fighting which has driven the German and Turkish armies backwards these latter days, just as many of them did their share in the dark days between Mons and Compeigne.

The New Order.

Their representatives, left behind in Britain, are swearing very solemnly that there shall be no reversion to pre-war days, and they mean it; the war has opened their eyes to their own worth and to the almost inexhaustible riches stored up in Britain; they are going to have their share of that—a man's share, every one of them, not a hind's portion. All that I have written about the first little army applies to Kitchener's army, and to the conscript army also—they have done their part superbly; they are still doing it, but they don't forget the days when they were "civies," and they are not going back on the bad old basis. No factory hand is going to lay his rifle aside and take up work on the sweat-and-crust system—the old order changeth, and the change is working now like leaven in the blood of the British nation. The people have learned to fight for the rights of all humanity; they will not scruple to fight for their own rights, the rights they have won by supreme sacrifice. So the dawn of better, brighter days breaks for all, for the greatest mistake this country ever made was in the hoarding up of untold riches in the hands of a few, riches that should have been in the hands of the many, to spend and scatter and enjoy life the life which God gave us to enjoy as strong men and women, not as animals on the treadmill of circumstance. Fifty million pounds in the hands of fifty million people is better for everybody than fifty million pounds in the hands of fifty, and that is to be the key-note of life after the war.

KISSING BY FAVOUR.

HOW CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTS DODGE THE TRIBUNALS.

When the Military Service Acts were before Parliament, it was generally understood that the specific right of appeal to the Tribunals was the limit of concession to the "Conscientious Objector." It was certainly not contemplated that the War Office authorities should have the right to grant exemption in such cases at their own sweet will and pleasure. Yet something of this kind seems to have happened, and in the name of a patriotic public we emphatically protest. Our complaint may best be illustrated by a few quotations from a letter that has been brought to our notice, written by a prominent member of the Christadelphian fraternity to another of the sect, a person liable to military service. The opening sentences run :—

> DEAR BROTHER,
>
> A certificate of exemption has been issued by the War Office in your name as a result of a pledge given by Brother —— The certificate is very valuable to you; if lost, possibly the War Office would not issue another. It is a great concession by the War Office, and can only be regarded as a special favour given to us by the Grace of God.

The exemption certificate is apparently conditional upon the recipient undertaking some "work of national importance" —but even so, its award, without recourse to the Tribunals, is opposed to the spirit and intention of the Military Service Acts. It is manifestly unfair that members of a particular religious community should be singled out for preferential treatment in the matter of compulsory soldiering, while the general public have at least a right to demand that the "Conscientious Objector" shall plead his cause in the open and satisfy the Tribunals of the *bona fides* of his claim. This may not be an ideal system, but it is the one provided by law and approved by Parliament, and the mandarins of Whitehall have no right to set it aside. However, the modern apostle of the Christadelphian sect being Dr. John Thomas, of the U.S.A., we are not surprised at the pacificism of his disciples—especially as their tenets "deny the existence of a personal Devil"—from which we may fairly take it that they are inclined to whitewash the present-day Beelzebub, the Kaiser!

MORE PIN-PRICKS.

BY A CANADIAN.

"This saloon is reserved for Officers and Civilians between the hours of 4 p.m. and 5.30 p.m. daily."

So runs a notice on the door of a leading hairdressing saloon situate—as the auctioneers say—in the most salubrious part of the quiet little railway centre of Ashford, Kent. In peaceful times one would expect to meet this "beyond the Rhine," but in liberty-loving England, and more particularly during these strenuous days when everyone is imbued—or should be—with the thought that the greatest fight of all time is being waged for the preservation of liberty, the *men* of the British Empire fail to see wherein they merit such insults in curtailed liberty. The story goes that a certain Brigadier-General entered the saloon a few days ago, and because two privates did not get to attention rapidly enough, he raised what the Canadians call "particular h—l," mixed up with threats of "armed escorts" and "guard-room" for the offending privates, and left in a rage for a rival establishment. Here he made arrangements for a private room wherein himself and his subordinate officers might obtain attention without the disturbing element being present. But the rival establishment did not rise sufficiently to the occasion, so a return was made to the former saloon, and by agreement with the management it was reserved for officers and civilians only from 4 p.m. to 5.30 p.m. daily. On the first Saturday afternoon after the order was in force the hour from 4 to 5 supplied custom in the shape of one officer—who had evidently dropped in to see how the new restrictions worked; meanwhile, two humble privates — each of whom was probably as much a "gentleman" as the officer—were refused tonsorial attention until after 5.30. To Canadians, this is only one of the numerous ways wherein crazy Imperial Staff Officers try to pin-prick the men of the Empire. The management of this saloon sadly needs a lesson in patriotism.

"STARK JUSTICE."

THE GIRL VICTIM OF A SEVERE SENTENCE.

In our issue of Feb. 17th we outlined, under the above heading, the case of a poor girl, Annie Motson, only 19, charged at Lincolnshire Assizes with the murder of her illegitimate child. We need not recapitulate the pitiful facts in extenuation, which led us and the jury to grieve for the girl. That jury found her guilty of manslaughter—not murder—and strongly recommended her to mercy. But Mr. Justice Rowlatt sentenced her to five years' penal servitude, a terrible term to a young girl, distracted through shame, when there was even a doubt upon the fact of her act being intentionally a criminal one. We have now to add the testimony of a lady in whose service Annie Motson had been—"One of the best girls she ever employed; her character irreproachable." The lady also employed her sister, and knew her mother, "a God-fearing woman, who had brought up her children well." Before leaving service the girl confessed her condition, and tried to enter some institution. But she found the charges too high. Her kind mistress endeavoured to persuade her to pass as a married woman in London, and promised she would see her through her trouble. But the poor girl—naturally enough, pitifully enough—"wanted to be near her mother." And so the story ran to its tragic close. But it must not end at that. Her late mistress concludes her kindly statements with this really Christian touch—"I am quite willing to take her back into my service" That is proof that Annie Motson cannot be deserving of her terrible fate. It encourages the hope that the doom of five years' penal servitude may vanish like a hideous nightmare, and the future yet bring bright days for one who erred when the terror of her trouble was more than her mind could bear.

WASTE AND WAR.

MORE ECONOMY IN A GOVERNMENT DEPARTMENT.

We have before us, as we write, a dozen foolscap envelopes, addressed to a certain small Company in London, "On His Majesty's Service," by the War Trade Department, Westminster. "You have many, many times exposed the waste of public money which is due to bad management in Government Departments," writes the Secretary. "Here is another glaring instance. The enclosed envelopes reached this firm by the same post. Ten were all posted at the same time, as the stamp shows. Another was posted the same day, but at a different time. The twelfth arrived at the same time, but the stamp does not show when it was posted. All the envelopes contained an identical document, and one envelope and one document would have sufficed." We notice, too, that on some of the envelopes the address is written by the same hand. "The addressees are quite a small firm, and if they receive twelve envelopes and twelve documents for every one which would suffice, how many envelopes are reduplicated and wasted in the case of the big firms?" That is a hypothetical problem in arithmetic to which we are unable to suggest an answer; it is sufficient that the waste must be enormous and the management rotten.

"GERMAN" S.W. AFRICA AGAIN.

VERY BAD LANGUAGE FOR BRITISH RATEPAYERS.

Our contention that the conquered territory of German South-West Africa is still very "German," receives continued confirmation. For more than 18 months it has been nominally British; it is marked so on all new maps. Yet British ratepayers at Windhuk receive their demand notes printed in German. Imagine the feelings of the Briton who is obliged to take the rate-paper to a Boche to get it translated! At the very least such papers should be printed in both languages; the document received is, however, headed :—"Stadt Windhuk, Deutsch Sudwest-Afrika," asking for payment in "marks," and winding up with: "Windhuk, den 5 Oktober, 1916. Der Burgermeister: Dr. Franz." Not a word of English on the entire document! These papers are not old ones; it is not a case of using up stock in hand. They are newly-printed, and dealt out alike to Briton and to Boche. British people, naturally, do not like it, and are complaining loudly.

HANDS O

HOW HE DISHED THE POLI

By THE E

WELL, things are not going so badly, are they? It is in the soldier I have put my trust from the beginning, and the soldier is once more proving his worth. Less than a fortnight ago there was a good deal of gloom about. Men who ought to have known better wore long faces; the croaking politicians chorused together like the bull-frogs in a pool. That is the way with the anæmic, the chicken-hearted. Faith in our destiny, confidence in our men—that is my gospel; and it has been my creed ever since war began. "There is no ground for depression. The sky to some of you may for the moment appear cloudy. But there is the sun of victory waiting to burst through. Be of good cheer." That was my message a week ago. And this is what I said about that German "push," which made the faint hearts gasp and the pro-Germans glow: "Take no notice— it was just one of the Kaiser's kicks in his death agony." Well, to-day the Kaiser's army in the West is kicking—kicking up its heels. Call it the enemy's "stragetic withdrawal" or our "offensive push"—I care not. The fact remains that the Germans are on the move, and, as a consequence, so many more square miles of the precious territory of our French Allies have been freed of the soiling hoof of the invader, and the German soldier—who would never willingly yield an inch of the ground he has too long defiled—is going back *in the direction of the Rhine*. Stern necessity has dictated that retreat. Just as you do not find a conquering army making overtures for peace, so you cannot convince me that Germany is withdrawing from French soil because she likes it. She may be trying to strengthen her position farther back. She is doubtless hoping, by shortening her line, to make a better answer to the magnificent and murderous chorus of shot and shell. But it is the advancing, not the receding, tide that breaks barriers and makes inroads into the land. Germany is receding; we are advancing. And whether that onward wave of might and metal be temporarily checked, or whether it proceeds with all the majesty of British power and French courage steadily victorious upon its way, the end, the ultimate triumph, cannot be long delayed.

Haig and the Politicians.

If ever there was a psychological moment for the note of advance this is the time. Once again the politician—that pale-faced and pale-hearted product of the enervating days of peace—has been at work in intrigue against the soldier. When Germany was winning—as undoubtedly at one time she was winning, if we measure victories in packets and fail to look with the far-seeing eye to the ultimate goal—not a word was said about negotiating a peace. So soon as we and our splendid Allies—after long, anxious months of preparation—have willed and worked for the setting of the tide full in our favour, the pinchbeck politician, the amateur strategist, and all the miserable gang of Westminster busybodies, get to work again. To talk of victory is to goad them to anger; to speak with the clarion voice of confidence is to move them to wrath. Sir Douglas Haig dared to speak with confidence, and at once they came down upon him like a pack of snarling jackals. Had he told the world in whispering humbleness that under Providence and by favour of the politicians he might be able to "hold his own" in the West, they would have joined heartily in the chorus of humility. But he dared to predict the defeat he knows is awaiting the Hun—and the men who intrigued against Kitchener immediately redouble their efforts to weaken the power and authority of Haig. To men of their weak type defeat is a word of melody, victory is blasphemy. In their efforts to prevent the crushing of the foe they have pretended that "stalemate" in the West is ever a fixed and inevitable state.

A "Humiliating" Statement.

"The war for Germany, militarily, is a deadlock until she enters either Paris or Petrograd, and she can do neither," said that trembling pacifist Trevelyan, in Parliament the other day. And he continued, "The same thing applies to us. Unless we enter—and nobody now believes it possible—Vienna or Berlin, we too shall have to settle by a negotiated peace, and not by a dictated peace; and why in Heaven's name *are we not negotiating now?*" Can you wonder that this creature, who talks about obtaining "the semblance of a victory which cannot alter the main situation," should be of that miserable band of politicians who are denouncing Haig because he refuses to betray the men who have bled and fallen, by thinking of a negotiated peace? No wonder they denounce him for "a boaster," for commiting a "blazing indiscretion," for conduct "humiliating and shameful in the extreme." Remember what he said less than a month ago, and then understand why the heathen who love the Hun "furiously rage together." "For the sake of our own tranquillity and for the security of the world, there must be no peace without victory—*without complete victory*; for an incomplete victory,—a lame and premature peace—would leave military Germany the possibility of preparing a terrible revenge in the near future." Thus Sir Douglas, speaking to French journalists. He added this: "After having attacked England you would see her back again on your frontiers, more greedy than ever of blood and of conquest. Let us beware of the suspicious manœuvres of an enemy who feels that he is lost, whether he speaks of peace or whether he seeks to divide us."

Why He Spoke Out Boldly.

When Sir Douglas Haig gave that interview he did it deliberately and with a purpose as definitely designed to confound the enemy as any military act for which he has been responsible. Those "suspicious manœuvres" of the enemy he knew full well were not confined to Germans. Both here and in France there are men who, if they could, would stampede the Allies into peace—that kind of peace which would be worse than defeat. France has suffered grievously; she has been wounded to her very soul. The blood of her youth, the fair flower of her manhood, has gone out in a ceaseless stream. She continues to suffer, in body and mind. For long months the most brutal

FF HAIG!

ITICIANS—GOUGH'S GREATNESS.

EDITOR.

enemy known to civilisation has been in occupation of some of her richest territory, has robbed and pillaged, raped and murdered. With a splendour of spirit and a steadfastness of resolve, she has fought and fought. To-day the tempter is abroad in the land, just as he is seeking here in England to sow seeds of dissension so that he may reap the crop of a national humiliation. In spite of the supreme efforts we as a People are making to find the men, the munitions and the money for our brave Ally, there are those, even in this country, who would whisper poison words—who even now hint that the measure of our sacrifice is small and insignificant, who have not stopped at the foul calumny that while France has bled we have been content to wait on events. Knowing all this, and knowing too that there were those who would weaken our position in the West for the sake of Salonika and the Middle East, the soldier responsible for victory, the man having in his keeping the lives of millions of men and the fortunes of our Empire, spoke out. The need for that message of radiant confidence, which fell like honey and balm on wounded France, the necessity for a sturdy re-assertion of the West as the seat of war—the centre of our assurance of victory—was well known to the Commander-in-Chief. It shocked the politician; it was "irregular"; soldiers are paid to fight, not to talk! Yes, but when the intriguer is intriguing and the politician is seeking to interfere in the business of the soldier, it is time for the soldier to speak out! The whispered doubt, the half-spoken sneer, the questioning air, and the deliberate attempt to lessen the importance of the Western front, were having their cumulative effect. Well, Haig has spoken; the King's guns and the King's Army are backing up his words with vigour—and the doubters and back-biters may continue to doubt and bite until they have neither doubt not teeth left.

General Gough and 1914.

This war is a soldier's job. Left alone, he does it splendidly. Interfered with, harassed, he cannot act with the confidence born of belief in his military judgment, or mature his plans with the right assurance of success. It is the curse of the politician that he believes himself to be able to do anything—with the result that he muddles everything. How they worried and troubled Kitchener! There is a story to be told, so disgraceful in its details, so distressing in its effect on the mind and spirit of that great man, that, when the world knows it, will put the lid on the coffin of more than one political reputation. How, in the face of all that has happened, these third-rate creatures who pollute Westminster by their presence, dare to question or criticise the merits or the motives of men of high military command passes my comprehension. The politician may forget, but the People will remember that within four months of war, when Ministers knew the truth about Germany and deliberately hugged their secret at Cabinet Councils, the politician was trying to set the nation against the Army, and men were challenging the "aristocrats" of the commissioned ranks to throw down the gage to democracy. That is what was happening—that, the dirty and disgraceful business by which the politician risked the very existence of the British Army, and was prepared to degrade gallant officers like General Gough because they refused to fight any but the King's enemies. It was Gough, whose name is now in every newspaper and whose praise is upon all patriot lips, who was in command of the Cavalry Brigade at the Curragh when, in the Spring of 1914, the politicians toyed with treason, and while on the one side drilled a "loyal" army 100,000 strong, on the other were determined if necessary to "let the red blood flow" and to embroil the gallant sons of Ireland in brothers' blood. That was the politicians' doing, that their idea of using the fighting spirit of Ireland and the military prowess of gallant officers. I care not at this time for the merits of that miserable squabble between the rival schools of politicians. Whether the Ulster men were to be "provoked" into revolution, whether the Battle Squadron sent to Lamlash was to train its guns on men who have since found honoured graves in France and Gallipoli, whether this Minister or that lost his head but saved his job, is a miserable detail of a dirty and humiliating business. But this I do know—that the politician tried to suborn the soldier, that he dared to ask him what he would do in the event of certain things happening in Ulster. And to that gross and unheard-of question Gough, the splendid victor on the Western front, the man who is advancing on the German treck, the hero of Victory's dawn, gave the reply, "I am prepared to obey all lawful orders."

The Sure and Certain End.

Let us have no more of these intrigues against the Higher Command. This is not the time to swop horses. We are crossing the broad stream of Endeavour to the smiling shores of Victory. "Watch the West" has been my injunction for months. I repeat, "Watch the West." Wherever else we win successes, they are all to the good. But the West is the goal of our hopes. Germany is making her last gambler's throw on the sea; and on the land—the blood-soaked land of the West—she is in desperation seeking a foothold for her dispirited and half-spent forces. The end may not be yet. To-morrow and yet to-morrow may come and go before her power is finally and ultimately crushed. But crushed it will be. Trust the soldier—"Hands off Haig!" We have full, complete, unshakable confidence in the fighting men. They will win through to victory in spite of all the mistakes of the politicians—in the face of murderous blunders which have prolonged war and lengthened the awful totals of our dead. If the nation rallies with all its might and power to the help of the soldier, if the politician is relegated to those nethermost regions where fraud and incompetence find their fitting end, we have nothing to fear. Germany is desperate with the despair of impending doom. She will struggle and bite, blaspheme and threaten. But the end is drawing near. Trust Haig—trust Gough—trust the soldier and the sailor. Never yet in our wonderful history have they failed us.

ROUND AND ROUND THE MULBERRY BUSH.

FROM PILLAR TO PILLAR—BUT NOT TO POST.

Notwithstanding that your country needs you, there are easier things than finding a job in a munitions factory. A small manufacturer, having had all his men taken, was unable to carry on, and—concluding that his country could perhaps do with him as well—he shut up shop and started on a patriotic walk to the local munitions factory. Advised to see a Mr. A., he called upon that gentleman, who asked him, almost before he could open his mouth, "Have you a card from the Labour Exchange to see me?" The applicant confessed he hadn't brought one with him. Thereupon Mr. A. said he could do nothing till applicant registered at the Labour Exchange and brought a card. Anxious to oblige, applicant set out for the Labour Exchange (about a mile each way), obtained a card, and returned to Mr. A., who then was kind enough to say that he himself had no vacant jobs going, but if applicant would take the first turn to the right, the second to the left, and then walk straight on he would probably find Mr. B., with whom he might have better luck. Arriving at Mr. B., that gentleman was also in the painful position of being able to do nothing without another card of permission to see him. Once more applicant did the two mile there and back to the Labour Exchange with a heart full of hope, got a card, and returned to Mr. B. Like Mr. A., Mr. B. was now free to remark officially that there were no vacant jobs—application might, however, be made to the Ministry of Munitions. The Ministry replied that he had taken the wrong turning, and hence got to the wrong door. What he had better do was to about turn and apply to the Ministry of Munitions for the Birmingham area, or words to that effect. Applicant applied to Birmingham, and in a few days Birmingham sent to say that it was as sorry as anybody could expect it to be, but it had looked around and found there were plenty of jobs, but other people had 'em. For three weeks applicant rested, thinking that somebody might drop out on an old age pension or a tremendous retiring allowance, and give him a chance. Nothing however turned up, and once again he wrote to Mr. B. (aforesaid), who replied that applicant's name was over before him—staring him in the face day and night, so to speak—but there was still no vacancy, and probably wouldn't be until the weather broke, even if then. Defeated but not dismayed, applicant applied to the Inspector of Munitions at Sheffield—that was over a week ago—and he is still awaiting a reply. On the principle that no news is good news, the applicant may this time have struck lucky and got a bite, but he doesn't seem hopeful. "I am 50 years of age," he concludes, "enjoy the best of health, and should have no difficulty in picking up the work, as others have done." However, the most suitable ages for employment in a munitions factory on a job worth picking up are over 60 or under 35.

A REVEREND SINNER.

TIMELY WARNING TO THE CLERGY.

An amazing story reaches us from Ireland, the central figure—we can scarcely say the hero—being an aged clergyman of the Church of England who, for some time past, has been an inmate of a Dublin poorhouse. Normally, the old man is a patient of the Infirmary, his pitiable physical condition being thus described by a reliable correspondent:—"He is over 80 years of age, partially paralysed and scarcely able to articulate, owing to a disease of the throat." Unfortunately, he possesses also a moral infirmity. For years past he has pursued a steady campaign of fraud, not upon the grand scale, but by methods at once simple and daring. His plan is to watch the Church newspapers for advertisements of vacant curacies on this side of the water, for which, though fully aware of his utter unfitness for parochial duty, he makes formal application. In this way the old reprobate has frequently obtained grants of money to cover the expenses of a trip to England, and an interview with the advertising clergyman; and, indeed, it seems that in some instances, he has actually made the journey, being afterwards conveyed back to Ireland at the cost of private charity. This pretty scheme is one against which the parochial clergy should be warned.

THE BENEFIT OF A "CONSCIENCE."

A STARTLING CONTRAST IN TWO CASES.

At Alnwick Tribunal exemption of any kind was refused to the sixth son of an aged couple. He was their main support; five other lads had joined up—one had been killed. At Middlesex Appeal Tribunal a father pleaded for his son, aged 18. He wanted the boy to be left at large "until he could become an officer in the Salvation Army—*as his brothers had done.*" The father was an ex-convict, and the son is a Conscientious Object. "If my son has to join the Army," said the ex-convict, "he will resist and go to gaol." And he feared that, in that case the morals of his darling boy would be corrupted and the interesting youth develop into lud knows what. His extraordinary plea was successful. The case was "regarded as exceptional"—we should indeed hope so!—and the Object is to find work on the land with the Quakers, or the Salvation Army. The father ejaculated, "I thank you, sir." And well he might. His Benjamin is thus able to stick his tongue in his cheek and grin in derision, because he has been lucky with his precious "Conscience." If that poor old couple at Alnwick had learned the dodge and had been mean enough to practise it, they might still have had six sons at home, banging tambourines and slopping over converts at the penitent form.

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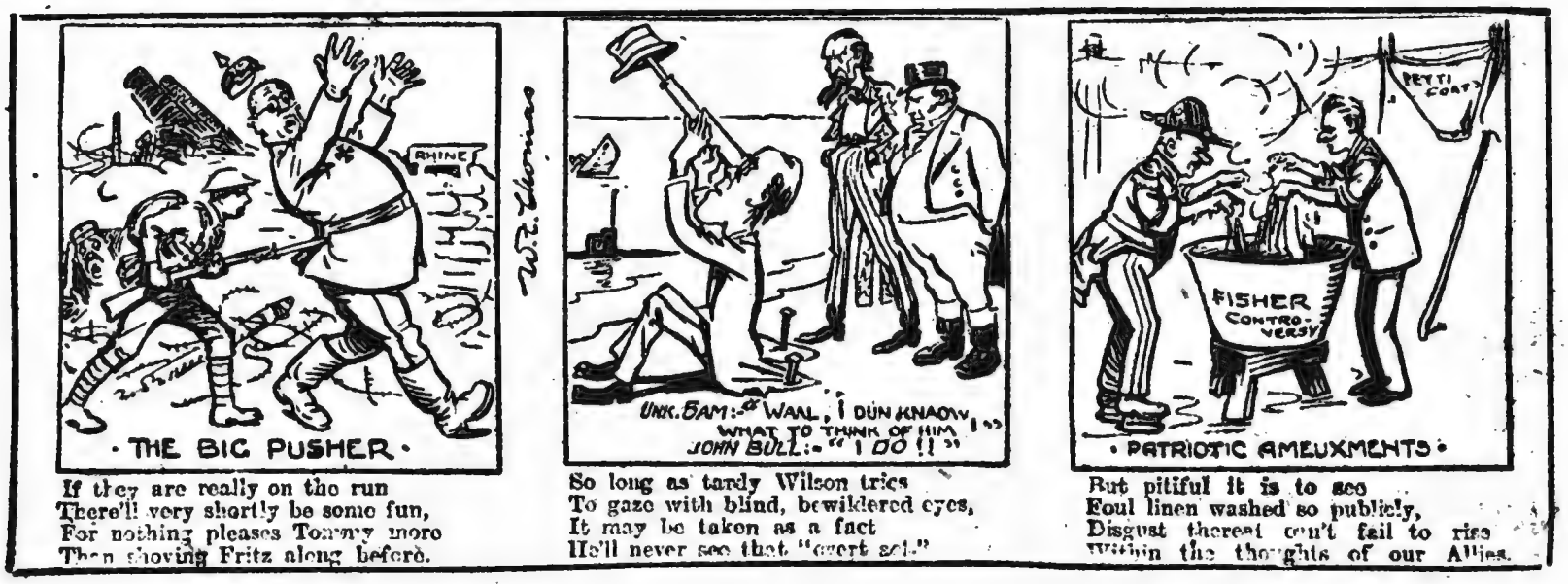
BULL-DOGGEREL RHYMES BY THE "BOW-WOW."



If they are really on the run
There'll very shortly be some fun,
For nothing pleases Tommy more
Than shoving Fritz along before.

So long as tardy Wilson tries
To gaze with blind, bewildered eyes,
It may be taken as a fact
He'll never see that "overt act."

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Disgust thereat can't fail to rise
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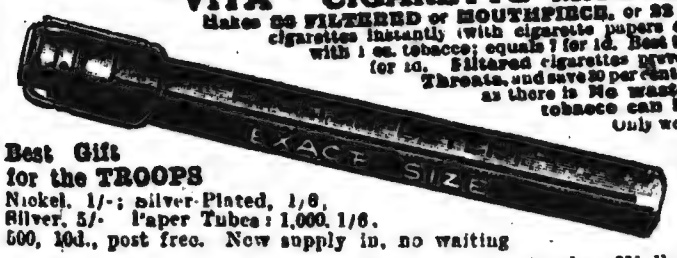

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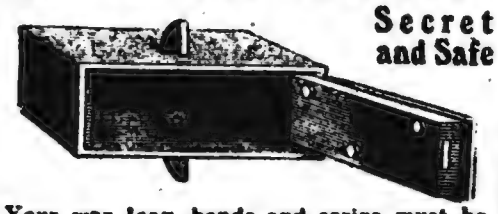

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BOXERS AND BOXING.

By EUGENE CORRI.

At Crowborough Military Camp—I am sure Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, the creator of Rodney Stone, will agree with me—was held the other day one of the finest boxing tournaments we have ever had. It produced a middle-weight, one Hatwood, who is a boxer of much promise, and if all goes well he will be matched to meet Rifleman Johnny Doherty at Exeter, on March 17th, when all Devonshire will doubtless turn out to see it.

From Crowborough I took myself to Exeter, where I refereed some half-a-dozen contests in the Victoria Hall. The place was crammed, really chock full, and when I presented myself and explained that I was "'Geno Corri," the doorkeeper in a way that did not permit of any argument said, "That's all right; you are the third Corri we have had to-night. Nothing doing." And perforce I crept into the hall by the back door. The affair was arranged by the 9th Reserve Battalion, London Regiment, of which my old friend, Colonel E. J. M. Gore, himself one of the keenest boxers at the German Gym. years ago, is the Commanding Officer. Driver Burton, though beaten by ex-Sapper Clarke, was the biggest-hearted loser I have met for many a long day, and the 15-rounds bout between Rifleman Johnny Doherty and Driver George Buswell was a rare exhibition of clever boxing and uncompromising fighting. Doherty was the boxer, and he won.

I was no sooner back in town than I ran across Frank Slavin, just from the Front. Fifty-seven years of age is Slavin, and still six feet of granite. It happened that an entertainment was being given to wounded soldiers by the Eccentric Club, and I took Slavin to it. It was decided that Corri, representing JOHN BULL, and Slavin—whose fight with Peter Jackson will ever be remembered as one of the greatest things in fistic history—should do a turn—"one round of an hour, with the raw 'uns." Cripps, like a good and wise man, decided, by means of a wholesome jab in my face, that I was not ready at least three times, and when tears were rolling down my cheeks, Slavin, to whom I shouted "Look wicked, Frank!" was released. The old man meant and looked murder. So I side-stepped and sprinted. And Slavin compromised matters by making a speech.

For my sins I was given toothache the other day, and therefore presented myself to the nearest dentist. A lady assistant saw me before I was ushered into the inquisition. Said she, "I understand you are a famous boxer." "Yes," I replied, holding my jaw. "Well," she said nervously, "you'll not be too rough with Mr. ——; you'll not knock him about, will you?"

IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

DR. E. I. SPRIGGS.

Good afternoon, sir. Take *this* chair, if you don't mind, sir. It's outer the draught. I ain't gittin' quite so many calories lately, since the missus went in for food savin'. I can stand the 'eat, sir, but blest if I can stick the cold w'en me grub's cut down. . . . *Shavin'?* Very good, sir. . . . It was that book by a doctor called Spriggs wot started the missus orf worse then wot she was before. You may 'ave 'eard of it, sir? "'Ow to Save Food," it's called, and it was published by the Food Controller. I've read it. I *'ad* to, to see wot the missus was up to. I carn't say I understood all of it, but I gathered enough to explain the jags the missus 'ad begun to play with the grub. I carn't 'elp it, but I've taken a violent dislike to this 'ere Dr. Spriggs. Not that I ever met 'im. . . . *I'm meetin' 'im now?* You don't meanter say you're 'im, sir? . . . Well, you must excuse me for 'avin' spoke a bit free, but will you be good enough to explain w'y, if, as you say in your book, "starch is the main source of heat and power to our bodies," w'y on earth the Food Controller don't shut down all the laundries an' let us live on the starch wot would be saved? . . . *It ain't in a similar liable form*, you say. P'raps not; but it was before it was manyerfactured for laundry purposes, wasn't it? Jest think thet out, an' erblige me. Yes'd'y mornin' the missus sed to me, "Dr. Spriggs ses in 'is book thet large people need more food than small people. That means *you* don't require so much," she ses. "Git out!" I ses. "Many a stout 'eart beats in a small chest, an' stout 'earts wants keepin' up." "I ain't torkin' about 'earts," she ses, "I'm torkin' about stummicks in general, an' yores in pertickler. You've gotter moderate yours, an' that's flat." "It will be," I ses, "it'll be a bloomin' conceive if you cut me down much more." "Enny'ow," she goes on, "you'll 'ave to rejooce yore calories. Instead o' the pound o' taters you're used to, you'll 'ave 5 ounces of maize. There's as much starch in the one as there is in the other. Dr. Spriggs ses so." That's w'en it was I sed "Damn Spriggs! I'm goin' to 'ave my usual whack, or 'ow else do you think I can stand all day slavin' in the shop to keep the 'ome fires burnin'? *You* do a bit of the cuttin' down. Dr. Spriggs ses wimmin don't need more'n four-ufths of wot men do, unless they're nursin' mothers—and you ain't that, so fur as I'm aware of." So you see, Doctor, the missus an' me got proper at logger'eads, an' orl through yore book. So it ain't surprisin', is it, thet I wasn't thinkin' very kindly towards you before you come in. . . . *Thet's* it, sir, thank you. . . . Much erbliged. *Good* day, sir.

TO ADVERTISE

The Wonderful Serial Cinema Drama

"The Terror of the Unknown"

THIS SERIAL CONSISTS OF 15 CINEMA-PLAYS, WHICH WILL BE SHOWN AT THE BEST CINEMAS THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY AT THE RATE OF ONE EACH WEEK.

GREAT SKILL COMPETITION.

633 CASH PRIZES for "CINEPHRASES."

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30 PRIZES OF 10/- each

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"CINEPHRASES"
FIRST PRIZE
£150

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200 PRIZES OF 5/- each

EVERY COMPETITOR WHO SENDS IN TWO COUPONS GETS A FREE TICKET TO A LOCAL CINEMA THEATRE TO SEE "THE TERROR OF THE UNKNOWN," EPISODE No. 1.

TO MAKE 'CINEPHRASES.'

Take one of the twenty-five original phrases given in the adjoining list then make a Cinephrase consisting of not more than four words having some bearing on the original phrase selected. One of the *words* of your Cinephrases must *begin* with any *letter* contained in any of the words of which the original phrase consists. The other words in your Cinephrase may begin with any letter of the alphabet.

These specimens will show you what is required:—

ORIGINAL PHRASE—Charlie ChapliN appears.
CINEPHRASE .. .. Not in Khaki.
ORIGINAL PHRASE .. .. Full HouSe.
CINEPHRASE .. .. .. Seats Covered.

Fill up one of the coupons on this page and post it with postal order for sixpence to—

"Competition Department,"
The Argus Film Service Ltd.
30, Gerrard Street,
London, W.

Each coupon allows for two "Cinephrases" to be sent in for sixpence.

If you send in two coupons, and enclose postal order for one shilling, we will send you a ticket entitling you to free admission to the local cinema when the first episode of "THE TERROR OF THE UNKNOWN" is being shown there.

Competitors may send in as many coupons as they like, provided an entry fee at the rate of sixpence per coupon is also sent.

For every two coupons we receive from a competitor, we will send a ticket entitling the competitor to free admission to see one or more episodes of "THE TERROR OF THE UNKNOWN" according to the number of coupons sent in.

ORIGINAL PHRASES.

Popular Pictures.
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Great Serial Film.
Charlie Chaplin appears.
Free seats.
Two lovers enter.
Full House.
Keep your seats.
Lights down.
Close Cinema.
Standing room only.
Remember your change.
Taking Tea.
Girl in the pay-box.
Flash of a torch.
Raining outside.
Pity the poor pianist.
Move up.
Villain dies.
Great finish.
Baby cries.
Come again.
Everyone pleased.
Grandfather goes.
Interesting story.

Closing Date, Saturday, March 24th.

Original Phrase_____

Cinephrase_____

Original Phrase_____

Cinephrase_____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the Rules and Conditions announced

Competitor's Name (Sign here please) _____

Address_____

The £300 for the Cash Prizes in this Competition has been deposited with "John Bull" by The Argus Film Service, Ltd., 30, Gerrard St., London, W.

"CINEPHRASE" COMPETITION CONDITIONS.

1. The First Prize will be awarded to the sender of the best Cinephrase received according to the judges' opinion, and the other prizes in order of merit—humour, aptness, and originality being the test.
2. Coupons must be plainly filled in, and each coupon must be accompanied by postal order for sixpence.
3. Coupons must reach the office of The Argus Film Service Ltd., 30, Gerrard Street, London, W., not later than March 24th, 1917.
4. The right to divide a prize between two or more competitors is reserved, and the decision of the Managing Director of The Argus Film Service Ltd. on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an absolute condition of entry.
5. Letters must not be enclosed with coupons, and no correspondence can be entered into in connection with this competition.
6. Postal Orders must be made payable to The Argus Film Service Ltd. and crossed "& Co." Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order, the value of which represents sixpence for each coupon sent in.

The result of this competition will be announced in the issue of "JOHN BULL" dated April 14th.

Closing Date, Saturday, March 24th.

Original Phrase_____

Cinephrase_____

Original Phrase_____

Cinephrase_____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the Rules and Conditions announced

Competitor's Name (Sign here please) _____

Address_____

The £300 for the Cash Prizes in this Competition has been deposited with "John Bull" by The Argus Film Service, Ltd., 30, Gerrard St., London, W.

Closing Date, Saturday, March 24th.

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Cinephrase_____

Original Phrase_____

Cinephrase_____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the Rules and Conditions announced

Competitor's Name (Sign here please) _____

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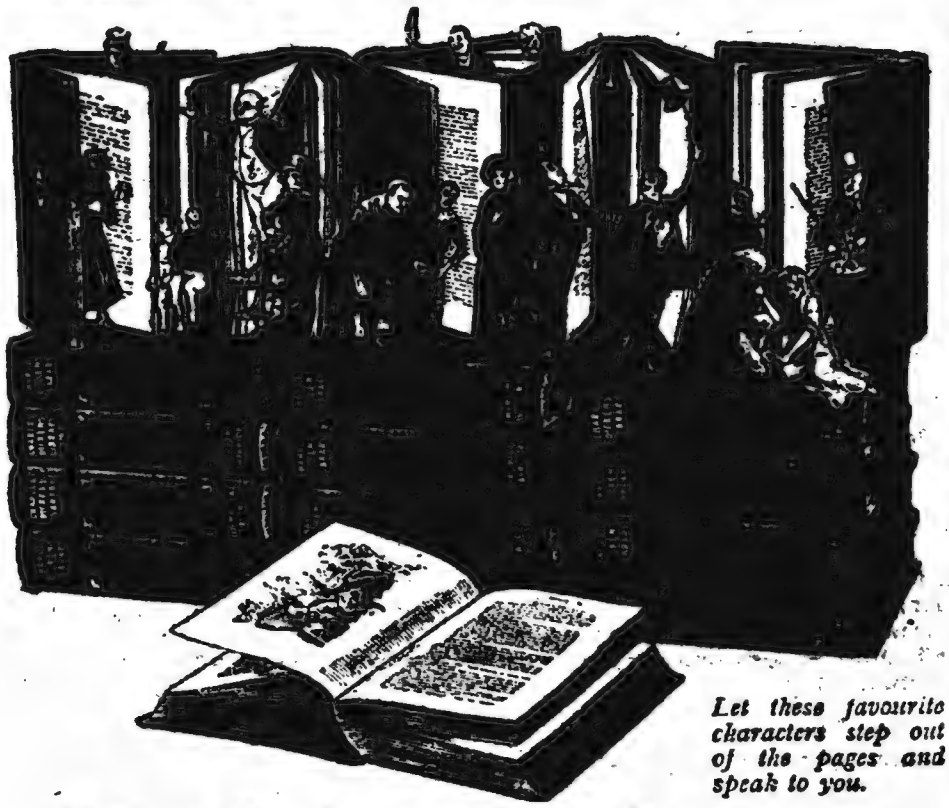

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TOMMY'S AND JACK'S PAGE.

A WEEKLY TRIBUNE OF THE SOLDIER AND SAILOR.

OUR PLEDGE:

"No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheeseparing, shall go unchallenged and unremedied."

Horatio Bottomley in JOHN BULL, *19th August, 1916*

Rather Queer.

A letter from a Tommy: "It is an absolute truth that my Quartermaster-Sergeant's wife receives weekly consignments of ham, beef, sugar, butter and bread. She openly boasts that she is able to bank most of her allowance. We fellows are going short of our rations." We are afraid that this is not the only case.

Pay! Pay!! Pay!!!

The Committee of the Army Ordnance Department, Foremen's Association, have sent many petitions to the War Office concerning their pay, and asking for an improvement. They want to know what the War Council intends to do—and we are as curious as they.

Manufacturing Saints.

We have received letters from half the men in camp at Seaford, in Sussex, complaining that all their playing cards have been commandeered, and that even in their hours of ease—which are few enough—they must not indulge in a game of dominoes. What does Whitehall think? Tommy's brain wave is to the effect that some of the "bigwigs" should be kicked into outer darkness.

Making Them Fit.

Extract from the Orders, Military Hospital, Mont Dore, Bournemouth: — Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays: one hour's route marching, and patients will scrub the floor of their wards." What are the paid orderlies doing? Must we turn our sick and wounded into ward-maids?

Still They Come.

We continue to receive letters concerning living corpses and dangerous members of society who are called to the Colours. This case is the limit: A youth of eighteen is an inch under height, is mentally deficient, and has a bad impediment in his speech. He has been passed for General Service, though his only use in the Army is as a butt for his comrades!

A Hungry Pass.

Who is looking after the Calais base? From what we hear it is a starvation camp, the poor devils there having to spend all their spare cash in keeping body and soul together.

The Protected Huns.

We read about the Hun's hatred of us, as expressed in his own home; the general public hear little of the hatred of the brute when he is interned in England. The favourite pastime of the Boche is to spit at his sentry, who, disciplined man that he is, dare not retort; but heaven help the Germans when the job is finished! If a British prisoner of war spat on his Hunnish guardian he would be sentenced to death, but when complaints are made to the officers in our internment camps nothing follows. Why?

"That Blessed Word 'Mesopotam'a'"

We have many letters from the lads in Mesopotamia, full of cheer and patriotic zeal. They are winning our own back for us, and their only grumble is that they are short of water and cigarettes. Their Front is not kept particularly well before the public eye at the moment—although it is one of the most important of all our fields, particularly from the point of view of moral results.

Oh Lie on to the Band!

A number of people from the vicinity of Ripon Camp ask us why the band is not allowed to play to the railway stations the drafts going to the Front. We regret we cannot answer.

Hoch der Kaiser!

It ha pen that two Battalions of the Middlesex are largely composed of British-born sons of alien enemies. They are known as "The Kaiser's Own." They are bright knuts and for devilment chant the "Watch on the Rhine" and other German patriotic songs—they have never been heard singing "God Save the King" or "Rule Britannia." And drafts from the battalions have been called for service in France!

A War On.

We are overwhelmed with letters from relatives who ask us to obtain leave for their men at the Front. Our applications would, however, be in vain. Here is a letter from a Commanding Officer which will explain the situation: "There is no special reason why your son has had no leave, except that there has been a war on for over two and a-half years, and no leave is being granted at the present time except under very special circumstances, such as very severe illness, or death of a near relative. I really sympathise with you for not having seen your son for seven months, but I myself have not had any leave since 1911 (approximately seven years), but I live in hopes. No doubt your son will be able to get a few days leave shortly when things are more settled and the Government allows us more railway facilities." The letter echoes our sentiments.

A Pertinent Question.

When will our recruiting officers cease from combing out the graveyards? Day by day we have complaints from relatives of men who have fought and fallen, to whose last earthly addresses are sent notifications that if they do not at once join the Colours they will be arrested as deserters!

"Left a Lot of Little Things——"

When the Naval Brigade returned from Antwerp, they had to leave their kits behind them. The Admiralty doled out only sufficient clothing for the men to parade in, turning a deaf ear to the request for the full allowance. Rather shabby!

A Bit of Sugar for the Bird.

In Yorkshire the other day some sailors had half an hour to wait for their train. They bought sandwiches and tea at the refreshment room, but were told that they could have no sugar. When they had been served, somebody came in for a cup of tea for the station-master, when a bowl of lump sugar was produced. There is food for thought here!

Jack's Leave.

The Fleet has done excellent service, and continues to do it. The wives of the men afloat naturally wish to have their spouses at home for a spell; but unfortunately a general leave is out of the question. On our bluejackets rests the duty of protecting our coasts and preventing invasion, and they are doing that duty nobly. Their wives must bite on the bullet, and be as brave as their husbands.

"Give Us This Day——"

Once more we appeal to Sir Edward Carson and the Admiralty to give Jack a leg up—particularly the men of the small craft. Since the gallant fellows offered their lives for us, the prices of all commodities have soared up like a climbing biplane. The pay in the Service is small enough, goodness knows, and it is time that a bigger victualling allowance was granted. Possibly some kind-hearted official at Whitehall will consider this matter.

OUR PENSIONS INQUIRY DEPARTMENT

By Our Pensions Expert.

Since the outbreak of war our Pensions Expert—a retired officer of long experience—has conducted a Inquiry Department by correspondence, and many thousands of cases have passed through his hands, in each of which he has given advice of value. We have decided to publish, weekly, replies to typical complaints, which will be of help not only to inquirers, but also be of general interest. In the meantime we shall continue to advise by post when stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for the purpose.

MRS. N. (Stoke Newington).—I sent your case forward, and am glad to know that your claim will be immediately settled. But why did you not notify your change of address?

B. J. (Hammersmith).—You are not entitled to a pension at present, but when the measure now under consideration is passed you will no doubt be granted assistance.

MRS. W. J. (Plymouth).—I am sorry to say that you are not entitled to a pension, as your husband lost his life through a preventable accident. See answer to B. J.

MRS. H. R., and OTHERS.—I regret that at present the increased allowance has not been granted to the orphans of soldiers, but that may come.

MRS. D. E. (Oxon).—I have put your case before the proper authorities, and you will be given extra allowance. In the meantime, see at the Town Hall the Local Secretary of the War Pensions Committee.

H. C. J. (Hackney).—I am sorry that, as I have not your pay book and a detailed statement of your accounts before me, I can be of no service in the matter.

"CONSTANT READER" (Hitchin).—You are at present receiving the maximum rate of pension. From April 1st you will obtain an increase

MRS. N. E. J. (Rugby).—I have sent your case to the Pension Authorities. Having regard to the proofs you produce, I have no doubt a pension will be granted to you.

WHY PAY FANCY PRICES?

Donald House, Barrow Road,
Fort Pomba, India.
November 12th, 1916.

Dear Sir,

Many thanks for "John Bull" pens They are really fine and equal to the best and most expensive pens on the market. I am more than pleased with them,

Yours very truly, I. CORNFIELD.

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By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2s. 6d and twopenny stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a "John Bull" Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen, STANDARD MODEL. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull" any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d. off the price Thus, you may send 13 coupons, and P.O. for 1s. 9d. only and 2d. stamps for postage.

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Not transparent; Will not become sticky.

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This Trade Mark is the Hallmark of Quality Durability and Reliability. It will be found on all Andamax.

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State Height and Chest Measurement.

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BEST BRITISH BICYCLES.

Write now for my Lists of Bicycle Bargains.—PREMIERS, HUMBERS, CENTAURS, SWIFTS, TRIUMPHS, ROVERS, RAGLANS, COURT ROYALS, &c. The cream of the Coventry makes from £5 cash. (*Maker's price*, £10 10s.) Easy payments to suit your own pocket. 10 days' approval. Money saving lists and expert advice free from GEORGE KING, The Great Cycle Dealer, COVENTRY.

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by removing the cause. It cleanses the system, restores health and vitality in the most serious and long-standing diseases when other treatments fail.

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"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

OUR WAR SUFFERERS' FUND—IMMEDIATE HELP FOR DEPENDENTS.

The object of our present Fund is to afford immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors now fighting for their country, and who, owing to invidious inquiries and red-tape officialism, are stranded for want of money. We do not trouble ourselves about marriage or birth certificates, or clergymen's references, or anything of that kind; but whenever we find the dependent of a soldier or sailor in distress and unable to procure assistance from official funds, we at once do what is in our power—giving anything from 10s. to £5, according to the circumstances of each case. We also, in exceptional instances, make grants to civilians suffering from the effects of the war. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses. We give below a synopsis of a few typical cases relieved during the past week.

A leal man and true, who had soldiered for many years, rejoined the Colours, leaving behind him a wife and thirteen children, a total subsequently increased by twins. He broke down in health, and was discharged from the Service without a pension. Like the "old woman who lived in a shoe," he had not too much food for the youngsters, and so applied to us—naturally, with success.

Another soldier was invalided out with lumbago and sciatica, without pension, and was confined to his bed for three months. He was in a most distressed condition until he wrote to us.

Yet another man sent out of the Service as an invalid, without any monetary allowance, visited us, with the object of getting a little stock to start him in his old business. He has a wife and seven children, who had not had a square meal for over two months, and there was no prospect of obtaining one, as they were penniless. We put him on his feet.

Through the week we gave relief in connection with nine cases of deaths in soldiers' families.

We beg to thank the donors of several parcels of clothing forwarded to us for the benefit of the dependents of soldiers. All the things were judiciously distributed.

The epidemic of measles has laid low many children of soldiers, whilst the climate has been responsible for numerous seasonal complaints. In such cases we do all we can, but would impress upon the mothers that it is only necessary for them to apply to the Local Secretary of the War Pensions Committee for additional help, which is always granted.

We cannot undertake to help women who deliberately, and with full knowledge of their crime, make false statements to obtain increased money, and come to us when the Paymaster finds them out. Honesty is the best policy, and we are always open to assist any deserving case, but the appeal of the women in question—who appear to be fairly numerous—is as little likely to touch our hearts as that of the burglar or the sneak thief.

A poor chap who is now past work, but helped to do brilliant things in the Soudan in the last century, found himself high up on the rocks. He has four children—two invalids, and two sons in the Army. He was among our callers, and we saw to it that his case was adequately relieved.

There appears to be an epidemic of disaster, in the shape of the burning of bundles of Treasury Notes. One woman who visited us wept as she told us how she had accidentally burned £15, her husband's bounty money. However, we soon ascertained from the Paymaster that not only had she not received the money, but that the man in question was not even entitled to a bounty!

WAR RELIEF FUND SUBSCRIPTIONS.

C. D. (Highbury), 5s.; E. T. J. (Kentish Town), 1s.; "Inasmuch," 1s.; "41,360's Little Girl," 1s.; "Sailor's Little Sister," 3d.; "Little Sunshine," 3d.; H. A. (Blackburn), 2s. 6d.; M. L. P., 6d.; "Queen and Bruce" (Stockwell), 2s. 6d.; "Shaykyt," 10s.; "A Canadian P.O.," $5; Mr. R. (Newcastle), 2s.; Crew of H.M. Trawler, *Carew Castle*, 23s. 6d.; "Minesweeper 2884," 1s.; E. S. B., 1s.; L.C.C. (Gravesend), 1s.; W. S. H. (Edinburgh), 1s.; "Ikey," 6s. 6d.; A. M., 2s. 6d.; B. T. (Falkirk), 1s.; R. R. (Bristol), 2s. 6d.; "Taxi-on-Acti," 2s. 6d.; "A Soldier's Wife," 6d.; "Bowhill," 5s.; W. B., 6d.; Collected at Red Lion Hotel, Redruth (per T. J. B.), 3s. 8d.; A. M., 1s.; G. D., 6d.; H. C. (Peckham Rye), 5s.; Mrs. R. L., parcel; J. P. (Bedminster), 2s.; H. K. T. (Lancaster), 1s.; M. G. (Greenlaw), parcel; "Annan," 3s.; Detachment R.A.M.C., H.M. Hospital Ship *Letitia*, £15; M. A. W. (Barnard Castle), 5s.; G. W., 7d.; A. J. S. (Epsom), 2s.; P. C. (Richmond), 1s.; Pte. T. W., 1s.; E. B., 2s.; D. H. B., 6d.; R. O. (Southwold), 1s.; C. S. (Monfrith), 2s. 5d.; C. S. M. U. (S. F.), 1s.; W. G. V. (Dublin), 1s.; "Venus," 6d.; E. H. (Paignton), 1s.; S. S. (Halstead), 1s.; T. G., 3s. 6d.; Mrs. G., 1s.; C. L., 6d.; Mr. K. (Alloa), 10d.; "Balance on Pen," 10s.; A. W. E. G., 1s. 6d.; W. H. L., 1s.; W. L. P. S. C., 3s.; E. B. (Chesterfield), 1s.; R. H. (Weybridge), 2s. 6d.; J. H. (S. Africa), 2s. 6d.; G. N. (Glam.), 2s. 6d.; W. P. (Streatham), 3s.; C., 1s.; "Ivy Mary," 3s.; "Kamo," 10s.; Weekly Collection, Messrs. Short Bros.' Aeroplane Works (Eastchurch), 25s.; H. M. B., 1s.; Skipper G. R., 1s.; J. C. (Burma), 6s. 4d.; "Maulkia Kano," 10s.; Ceylon Planters' One Day's Pay Fund, £3; From Readers of *The Christian*, per Morgan and Scott, Ltd., 2s. 6d.; Pte. E. P. (Sunderland), 2s. 6d.; Mrs. J. P., 10s.; Miss H., 10s.; Mrs. B. T., 5s.; "5382," 1s. 6d.; Miss B., 2s.; J. S. (Chiswick), 5s.; E. B., 1s.; "34185's Girl," 2s.; "Anxious," 1s.; "Lonely Mother," 2s. 6d.; Pte. T. H., 1s.; A. P., 10s.; S. R. (Harrogate), 3s.; F. A. (Towcester), 1s.; G. C. (Eastbourne), 7s.; "5251620," 2s.; Collected on board s.s. *Comanches* (per J. M.), 35s.; J. H. (Gregson Lane), £1 19s

Make up for lack of exercise in winter by taking a teaspoonful every morning of

Kkovah Health Salt

Makes you fit—keeps you fit.
From Grocers, Stores, and all Boots' Branches
in 6d. and 1s. tins.
SUTCLIFFE & BINGHAM, LTD., MANCHESTER.
Include a tin in the next parcel you send to the boys at the Front.

RILEY'S Home Billiards

YOU WILL BE DELIGHTED with a Riley Billiard Table in the home. No matter how small your room is, there is a Riley Table to fit it. Riley's Miniature Billiard Tables give a perfect game, so truly are they proportioned. Seven Days' Free Trial. Prices from £3 15s. The 6ft. 4in. size at £5 15s. cash or 15 monthly payments of 6s. 6d. is suitable for most rooms. Riley's "Combine" Billiard and Dining Tables from £12 10s. cash or in 12 or 18 monthly payments. These prices include all accessories & carriage to any address within 1 mile of railway station.
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London Showrooms, 147, *Aldersgate St., E.C.*

"HAIR-HEALTH" & BEAUTY FREE

MUNITION WORKER'S SUCCESS.

REMARKABLE "HAIR-DRILL" PHOTOGRAPHIC PROOF FROM WOOLWICH.

SPECIAL INTERVIEW.

Public Invitation for a Million Readers to write for Free Trial "Harlene Hair-Drill" Outfit.

MUNITION WORKERS are the latest to bear most remarkable testimony to the amazing results of "Harlene Hair-Drill" in securing Hair-Health and Beauty, and in growing and maintaining luxuriant and beautiful hair. In this they but endorse that unanimous opinion of many famous Society beauties and the most charming women of Stage, Revue, and Cinema.

To-day YOU can personally prove, FREE, the truth of the facts to which they gladly testify. (See Special Offer below.)

Two strong reasons make this voluntary testimony of especial importance. In the first place, Munition Workers, owing to the conditions under which their duties are carried out, are most liable to hair troubles, and are finding in this wonderfully successful "Harlene Hair-Drill" the only true method of growing and preserving really healthy and beautifully radiant hair.

Secondly, no class of women must be more fastidiously careful of their hair-beauty and hair-health than our Stage leaders, whose profession compels them to study their personal appearance with exactness.

In those war-days, however, when there is an inevitable increase of various hair troubles, not only in great munition areas, but among all who are feeling the severely testing strain of the war, there must be still thousands—if not millions—who will be most intensely interested in the following interview with a young lady munition worker of Woolwich.

MUNITION WORKERS' INTERESTING INTERVIEW.

Miss A. Robins, of 6, Nightingale Place (whose photo appears herewith), was recently interviewed by a Press representative, when she expressed herself in the most emphatic terms about the marvellous virtues of "Harlene Hair-Drill." With a friend, she first accepted the generous Free Offer of a Seven Days' Trial of "Harlene Hair-Drill" Outfit, because the nature of their work was damaging and injurious to the hair, owing to the chemicals and oils amidst which they worked clamming and matting the hair. This is the statement made by Miss Robins in a recent interview: —

"We are delighted beyond measure, for we have now been using 'Harlene' for some time. For nearly six months we have been on munition work, and are as keen as ever in doing our 'bit'—just as all the other girls are—but from the start we noticed that our hair became affected. Our machines spray oil and lubricants into the hair, and as you lean over it cannot help but cover you; and then the atmosphere and many other things are against good hair.

"Now both of us are justly proud of our hair, for we have always had long, abundant, and full tresses; so, therefore, it became a matter of earnest thought to us. 'What to do?' we asked ourselves; and this has been more than answered by 'Harlene.' Our hair was never in better condition than now—healthy, glossy, and not a trace of weakness. It is remarkable how many of us are using 'Harlene,' and the result is always the same, for all the women know that by practising this splendid method they are keeping their hair as bright and beautiful as their hearts can wish."

[Photo. Arbuthnot.

MISS A. ROBINS

a young lady engaged on munition work at Woolwich, tells of her interesting experience in cultivating beautiful hair, in the special interview reported here. It is to your own advantage to follow her example, and so possess healthy, abundant, and beautiful hair. Accept the Great Free Gift offered to all to-day by forwarding the Special Free Gift Coupon on this page.

In this interview, however, Miss Robins only expresses an opinion that is being increasingly supported by her fellow-workers throughout the British Isles to-day, and by men and women in all ranks and classes of society. "Harlene Hair-Drill" is now recognised by Royalty, Doctors, Professional Men, Society Leaders, Actresses, and War Workers of all kinds, as the speediest, most natural and most permanent method of overcoming all hair troubles and securing hair beauty.

SPLENDID FREE GIFT FOR EVERY READER.

There is no longer the least excuse for anyone to remain a sufferer from hair trouble of any kind, for to every reader to-day is given an opportunity to prove the hair-beautifying effect of "Harlene Hair-Drill" free of cost. The Proprietors will send you a Free Trial Outfit, comprising Four Gifts, on receipt of your application on the Free Coupon herewith

The Free "Hair-Drill" Outfit contains:

1. A bottle of "Harlene," the true liquid food for the hair, which stimulates it to new growth. It is Tonic, Food, and Dressing in one.

2. A packet of the marvellous hair and scalp-cleansing "Cremax" Shampoo, which prepares the head for "Hair-Drill."

3. A bottle of "Uzon" Brilliantine, which gives a final touch of beauty to the hair, and is especially beneficial to those whose scalp is inclined to be "dry."

4. A copy of the new edition of the "Hair-Drill" Manual, giving complete instructions for this two-minute-a-day hair-growing exercise.

Thin, Weak, Brittle, Greasy Splitting, or Falling Hair robs a man or woman of even the semblance of youth. Accept, then, this special Four-fold Gift for the Hair that Mr. Edwards announces to all readers.

After a Free trial you will be always able to obtain supplies of "Harlene" from your chemist at 1/1½, 2/9, or 4/9 per bottle. (In solidified form, for Soldiers, Sailors, Travellers, etc., in tins at 2/9 with full directions as to use.) "Uzon" Brilliantine costs 1/- and 2/6 per bottle, and "Cremex" Shampoo Powders 2d. each, or 1/- per box of seven shampoos. Write to-day and enclose only four penny stamps to cover mere cost of carriage on the Free "Harlene" Outfit.

Any or all of the preparations will be sent post free on receipt of price direct from Edwards' Harlene, Limited, 20, 22, 24, and 26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C. Carriage extra on foreign orders. Cheques and P.O.'s should be crossed.

FREE

POST THIS FREE GIFT FORM.

Fill in and Post to Edwards' Harlene, Ltd., 20, 22, 24 & 26 Lamb's Conduit St., London, W.C.

DEAR SIRS,—Please send me your Free "Harlene" Four-fold Hair-growing Outfit as described above. I enclose 4d in stamps to cover cost of postage to any part of the world (Foreign stamps accepted.)

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

JOHN BULL, 10/2/1917.

The Advertisement Guarantee is on page 23.

MARCH WINDS

will not spoil the Ven Yusa Complexion.

When Ven-Yusa is gently applied to the face, neck, hands, or arms, the skin gets what is virtually a bath of natural oxygen. This restores vitality in the tissues and produces a feeling of imperishable freshness and beauty.

Non Greasy
VEN-YUSA
The Oxygen Face Cream.

1/- per jar of Chemists and Stores.

INSTANT RELIEF

for all cases of constipation (whether mild or severe) and the consequent headaches, loss of appetite, and depression of the nervous system.

Chocoloids

The Cure for Constipation. Regd.

They do not gripe or bind, are certain in action but not drastic

2/6 per box of 60 tablets, usually sufficient to cure the most obstinate case. SAMPLE BOX 1/3, containing 24 tablets.

Chocoloids may be obtained from all Chemists, or post free from the makers.

The Chocoloid Co., Stirchley Laboratories, Birmingham. (Dept. J.

CATESBYS LINO

is the best War time and all time floor covering. Its durability saves money, and women are saved from drudgery because it needs no scrubbing. Patterns and prices free if you write Dept. 19, Catesbys, Ltd. Tottenham Court Road, London, W.

Saves HOUSEWORK

SHORTHAND IN 3 DAYS

DUTTON'S SHORTHAND FOR THE MILLION can be learned in 3 days. Only 6 rules. Send stamp for first lesson in this, the simplest and highest speed system to DUTTON'S BUSINESS COLLEGE Room J) KEGNESS. Lessons, 32 & 33 Great Russell St. W.C.

FREE FIRST LESSON FREE

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., as, *though every effort is made for their safe custody, they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only of such documents should be forwarded in the first instance.*

LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or the Publishers, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* LEGAL *and* SPORTING *inquiries should be directed to the Legal or Sporting Editor, and in the case of* LEGAL *inquiries, must each be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling.* FINANCIAL *and* INSURANCE *inquiries should be addressed to the Editor,* CITY JOHN BULL, *93, Long Acre, London, W.C., and each inquiry should be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling. In all cases full names and addresses should be given.*

"JOHN O'DOUBTS" (Halifax).—"When is Haig going to start that Big Push?" The "overture" has begun.

J. E. W. (Leeds).—The blockade never has blocked all supplies from reaching Germhuny. You see, we are so kind to enemies and Neutrals.

P. S. (Liverpool).—"There's a lot of talk about man-power; but the only thing we seem to lack is brain-power." Carlyle said the same thing in a different way.

M. M. (Blythe) and OTHERS.—So far from our considering "drunkenness as being manly," we regard it as bestial—just as we do over-feeding. We are all agreed as to the evil, but we differ as to remedies.

J. D. (Leeds).—"Are the stars on the American flag what they see each time they get one in the eye, and the stripes what they take without retaliation?" We must still "wait and see"!

J. H. (Newcastle).—We refuse to believe that any Cabinet Minister has a widowed sister in receipt of parish relief. No wonder your memory is so "shocking" that you "forget her name." You never knew it.

E. B. (Lyndhurst).—"Truck loads of cats' flesh have passed from Holland into Germany." And now Germany is going to the dogs.

C. O. L. (Harvard).—So you think that Mr. Winston Churchill will be the next Prime Minister, and that "he will make a great one when his turn comes." You live a long way from London. Ever heard of the Bis. Guv.?

J. B. (Birmingham).—Glad you liked that sporting skit in the *Herald*—"Horatio's Deadly Peril." So did we. It is this sort of thing that sells JOHN BULL.

D. R. N. (Clerkenwell).—It is no lark; you must economise on your "swallow."

W. B. (Cambridge).—Presently you won't be able to get a cod steak unless you buy a grand piano.

"A SUFFERER" (Mil. Hosp., Ladywell).—We should pay Germhun prisoners employed on the land in this country as British prisoners are paid when similarly employed in Germhuny.

H. T. M. (Temple).—So far as we know, the War Office have not yet supplied the whole of the Army with bullet-proof jackets, though their value is self-evident.

"ROCK" (Wood Green).—We believe in votes for *some* women, at any rate. Would you call "One woman, one vote for one baby" a fancy qualification?

"VARMER" (Devonshire) zays we ort tu cum up zom Zunday and zee his pigs. Sorry our devotions do not permit.

"JANIE" (Blairgowrie).—No doubt every city under the skies might be cleaner than it is, just as every man (and every woman) might be better. All we contend for is that the unco guid exaggerate when they paint London as a sort of Sodom and our British soldiers as monsters of iniquity.

G. W. S. (Ramsey).—"The enclosed incident arose out of nothing worth mentioning." Is that why you mentioned it?

"LOVER OF ENGLAND" (London) suggests that the illness of both Food Controllers, Lord Devonport and Mr. Prothero, may be due to foul play. The police have no clue.

"WORKING MAN" (Bridport).—If Dorsetshire working-men get only £1 a week wages, no wonder they smiled when asked to invest in the Loan. It is shameful pay—especially for a family man.

T. S. (Oxon).—If the Government want more money to finance the war, they will know where to find it. If not, we can put them on to many more millions. So don't worry.

G. W. M. (Devonport).—"As sure as you are sitting in your Editorial Chair." That's about as dead a cert. as you will find.

M. B. (Mexborough).—"Brown bread and butter, tea-cakes, pork-pies, tinned salmon, fruit, sweet-cakes, and every description of pastry." This was the menu at a recent tea-fight at a Chapel. Now then, Devonport!

"AN H. B. ADMIRER."—"One of my sons in France asks me always to send JOHN BULL under cover, otherwise they get pinched!" A useful tip.

"KNOW ALL" (Boston).—Of course the U.S.A. has not "as many trained soldiers as Russia."

MRS. A. D. (Mansfield).—We do not think the boys at the front go short of food. An occasional lapse may occur, but that cannot be helped in a big campaign.

"A FISHMONGER."—"If any small fishmonger expostulates to the Government auctioneers on the unfair way Government fish is sold, the insult and jeer one gets is 'Tell Bottomley!' 'Write to JOHN BULL!'" Billingsgate is getting quite polite!

PTE. H. S. (Aldershot).—The Bishop of Oxford said, "The working-classes are determined not to have Christianity at any price." What they will not have is the kind of Christianity purveyed by the Bishop of Oxford—at a thumping big price per annum.

"AUSTRALIA" (Hosp., Northampton).—Regarding the *Daily News*, nobody worries about what that old lady says. To answer her remarks would necessitate re-printing them—and we prefer not. Besides, Australia needs no defence. Got our idea?

A. W. (Haddenham).—Your yarn about survivors of the *Hampshire* is like all the others. When it comes to names and facts, somebody has "forgotten them." Unfortunately, there is no truth in it.

E. D. (Hampstead).—"12,000 horses ordered by Germany from Holland, crossing the frontier at the rate of 400 daily." For food?

SPR. J. H. K. (B.E.F.).—After being in eight hospitals, you have nothing but praise for all concerned. You ought to know!

MRS. B. (Southampton).—"I am a ladey; and I nows a man wot I think is a german spy." You are not a lady, your letter is a silly hoax, and there is no green in our eye.

"BALLOCH" (Huntly).—Really, you must not expect us to protest because Scottish farm-servants' wages have been raised. Quite the contrary.

J. J. (Dublin).—You tell us about the Irishman who did not attend his friend's funeral because his friend would not attend his, and you want "postal orders" for it. We do not pay for "Pity the Poor Editor" items.

S. B. (R.A.M.C.)—"This corps has had enough mud thrown at it—largely, too, by JOHN BULL." Never. We have always stuck up for the R.A.M.C., though we *have* dressed down the few thieves who sneaked into it.

S. W. (Fulham).—"There is a piece of waste ground at the corner. I was thinking what a great convenience it would be if we could have a small tube station built there." Suppose you don't want the railway—only a station?

"A TROUBLED WIFE."—You found some naughty printed matter in your husband's pockets? Well, in the first place, you should not go to his pockets. Perhaps that is what made him angry. Drop your suspicions, and he will find a better temper.

"BONTIE" (Seaford).—"They charged me 5s. for a very poor two-course lunch at Brighton." But you need not go to these swagger hotels unless you like. Ever tried Lockhart's?

B. L. D. (Leeds).—"Please do not publish my name." Nor what you wrote about, either.

A. C. (Willesden).—Just because we spoke up for 'bus-drivers, you must not think we are down on tram-drivers. Nothing was farther from our thoughts.

A. N. C. (Flanders).—"Is it grammatically correct to say, 'That was a *sweet* piece of music,' or 'That was a *pretty* song'"? Both conventionally correct (but not always true).

DUDLEY S. (B.E.F.).—Tell you the correct way to spell "tyre"? Like that.

"CHEMIST."—Some time ago we referred to statements that Germany had resorted to cannibalism, as alleged in foreign newspapers. Your information may come from the same source.

S. H. (South Shields).—"Have been continually sailing between England and France ever since war was declared." You are just the kind of real man whose approval is worth having.

"ANON." (Calcutta).—When last we heard of Herr Buchner, Lord Hardinge's Germhun bandmaster, he was bandmastering in a native State.

N. E. (Pimlico).—Hope by this time Chas. T. Robey, Ltd., the gramophone dealers, have returned to you the 6s. which, on your statement, they should have refunded. At various times we have received a good many complaints about the firm.

D. M. (Penarth).—We certainly believe "advertised sailings" tend to "give the game away."

"INTERESTED" (Golcar).—From a tale in the "Nugget Library," by S. H. Agnew: "The night was white with steam, yellow with flame, quivering with the heart-rending cries of the dead and dying." The author is no nugget, anyway.

H. O. W. (Highgate).—Yes, Stylos *are* included. Write to the Pen Department for our Fountain Pen pamphlet.

"ETHEL" (London).—"Why are some women always ready to put a wrong construction on perfectly simple and innocent actions?" Try us with an easier one.

F. J. (Devonport).—We note the announcement that Mr. Archibald Rudolph Von Rhein British Born, has changed his name to Archibald Victor Trelawney. Sounds more impressive than Jones, certainly.

PTE. W. M. (Catford).—"For argument's sake, will you kindly furnish me with the details of the great coal strike in the Rhondda Valley, also the Railway strike at Llanelly?" Not in these trousers.

F. R. (Damaraland).—Your poem on Great Britain is the most beautiful the office-boy ever curled his hair with. The two lines, "Free Trade your most wicked and idiotic blunder, Nearly brought you ruin, but the war has saved you by thunder," will bring a tear to every eye.

J. C. J. (Atherton).—We know of no place "in or around London" that "begins with New Road, Ha——" Perhaps you have in mind New Road, *B*attersea.

W. D. (Glasgow).—The Kew Seed Co., Kew, London, are advertising tricksters—out mainly, apparently, to put their hands in the pockets of schoolgirls and schoolboys.

SEVERAL L. G. O. C. 'BUS CONDUCTORS.—Conditions are equally bad for the Conductors, whose work is specially arduous in darkness. So we add a P.S. to our address to the Company, and recommend them also for that overdue bonus.

TREVOR HADDON (artist, once of Abbey Studio, Westminster), kindly send address to A. G. Hales, c.o. this office.

"A READER" (Cromwell Road, S.W.).—There is no need to starve the "charities" to pay for the war. Think of something cleverer.

"PILL NO. 9" (Seacombe).—You accuse us of "wasting our energy on small things." Lest we should seem to deserve this criticism, we are ticking you off in these few lines.

M. E. R. (Great Torrington).—"May I ask your influence in protesting against the great slaughter of lambs at Easter?" We hereby protest.

"A FIRST DIVISION CANADIAN" (Shorncliffe).—Shocked to hear of the Anzacs "blown up like a balloon." Was it an accident or merely the effect of the Liquor Restrictions?

"A KITCHENER TWICE WOUNDED" (Northampton).—Sorry cannot publish your letter without further evidence. To call a man a Conscientious Objectionable is almost as great a libel as to call him a Hun.

J. M. (Darlington).—Despite what you call our "masterpiece brain," we cannot quite fathom your anti-submarine device. Better try it first in a bucket.

"AN INVALIDED OFFICER" (London, W.).—As you say, it is "a national scandal" that so many young men should be employed upon Censorship duties in France which might well be undertaken by older men, or women. We shall have to censure the Censor.

"A FATHER" (Ireland).—"Talk and write reason, man, and don't talk or write fudge." May we take your elegant epistle as a model?

"A SUTTON ADMIRER."—The parson who plays croquet on Sunday afternoon is nearly as naughty as the man who digs his garden.

"WATCHMAN" (London, E.C.).—"When a horse, man or nation is doing his best, give him a bit of sugar." Suppose the grocer won't let him have any?

"MOTHER."—You, being English, married a German, now interned. As you say you know some rich "Germans," why not ask them to help you?

"A READER" (Goole).—Sorry you have also been done by the "Bazaar Goods" fake from Edmonton. Other soldiers' wives, please beware of the trick.

(A number of replies are unavoidably held over.)

Do you really want to cure that
INDIGESTION & CONSTIPATION

If you do you will send for the Dr. Young treatise and you will read it carefully, study the scientifically simple advice given on diet, exercise, and the reasons why the Dr. Young Tablet is so certain to cure. You will wonder why you have suffered so long when commonsense methods are at hand to relieve and cure constipation, indigestion, flatulence, acidity, sick headaches, and all troubles connected with the bowels and stomach.

Send 6 . for a sample of Dr. Young Tablets, and the famous Dr. Young Booklet "My System" will be sent free of charge by the Dr. Young Co. Ltd., (Dept. J.B. 7) Sun Buildings, Leeds.

DR. YOUNGS TABLETS

"TIZ" CURED MY SORE, TIRED FEET."

"Oh! Girls! Don't have puffed-up, aching, perspiring feet or corns—Just Try TIZ."

"TIZ makes my feet just dance."

Ah! what relief. No more tired feet; no more burning feet; no more swollen, perspiring feet. No more pain in corns, hard skin, bunions, chilblains. No matter what ails your feet or what under the sun you've tried without getting relief, just use TIZ.

TIZ is the only remedy that draws out all the poisonous exudations which puff up the feet; TIZ is magical; TIZ is grand; TIZ will cure your foot troubles so that you'll never limp or draw up your face in pain. Your shoes won't seem tight and your feet will never, never hurt or get sore, swollen, or tired. Think of it, no more foot misery; no more burning corns, hard skin, or bunions.

The boys at the Front appreciate TIZ.

Get a 1s. 1½d. box at any chemist's or stores, and get instant relief. Get a whole year's foot relief for only 1s. 1½d. Think of it!

BEACON OILSKINS

keep you dry always. Men's 9/-, Children's 8 6, Sou'-wester, 1 6, Long Leggings, 2 9. Guaranteed against stickiness, leakage or dissatisfaction on money-back methods. **Illustrated List Post Free.** Send Post-card now for this Art Booklet of "Weather Comfort," to BARBOUR'S Ltd., 67, BEACON BUILDINGS, SOUTH SHIELDS.

THE "JOHN BULL" GUARANTEE.

We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcements appear in JOHN BULL, *i.e., we hold ourselves responsible for their being of the quality and standard represented at the time of purchase and the date of payment, either in full or of first instalment; and if any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns, we will refund the purchase money, provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase.*

First Prize £1,000

One Thous-

'Bullets' HUGE EASTER EGG!

10 PRIZES OF £10	10 PRIZES OF £2:10	100 PRIZES OF 10/-

2ND £250

12,000 PRIZES

3RD £100

Another Record Offer!

☞ A further Coupon for this week's Competition will be found on the opposite page.

No _____ Closing Date, Thursday, March 22nd.

Example _____
Bullet

Example _____
Bullet

(229) P.O. No. _____
agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.
If one coupon is used P.O. for 6d must be sent

Signed _____
Address _____

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No. 229, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.
Write "COMPETITION" in top left-hand corner of envelope.

No. _____ Closing Date, Thursday, March 22nd.

Example _____
Bullet

Example _____
Bullet

(229) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.
If two coupons are used P.O. for 1/- must be sent

Signed _____
Address _____

No _____ Closing Date, Thursday, March 22nd.

Example _____
Bullet

Example _____
Bullet

(229) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.
If 3 coupons are used P.O. for 1/6 must be sent

Signed _____
Address _____

SPECIAL RULE. In order to afford our Military and Naval Competitors and others living in remote districts ample time to compete, we are allowing them special facilities. Below will be found twenty examples for Next Week's "Bullets" Competition No. 230. These can be used on the coupons above, and must reach these offices on or before THURSDAY, MARCH 29th. Please note that all coupons so used MUST be clearly marked with the number 230 in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons MUST be addressed "Bullets" No. 230, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. Such coupons MUST NOT contain any of the Thirty Examples for the present week's competition.

Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 230.

THE COMING PUSH
BRITISH RACE
DETERMINED TO WIN
WHEN JOINING
IN THE SPRING
FUNNY FEELING
MOST UNFORTUNATE WHEN
UNFRIENDLY RELATIONS
ENGAGING NEW TYPIST
GROWING RICH
PASSING THE BOTTLE
GERMANY'S TROUBLES
MAKES FATHER SIT UP
OUR GIRLS
MAKES TOMMY HAPPY
SLOW TO MOVE
NEAR NEIGHBOURS
WE ALL HOPE
CAPITAL IDEA
THE KAISER'S PROMISE

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 229.

OUR GALLANT LADS
WHEN BIG PUSH STARTS
ROUSING AMERICA
DISHONOURED BILL
CHANGING HIS NOTE
IN RETREAT
GERMANY'S WEAKNESS
GENERAL NUISANCE
WORKING FOR PEACE
NOBODY WANTS
WHEN WIFE SHOPS
SPANKING BOY
AT THE WAR OFFICE
HONEYMOON COUPLE
PRICE OF BEER
FOOD HOGS
TOMMY'S BEST GIRL
THROUGH THE KEYHOLE
CURIOUS NEIGHBOURS
PRETTY MAID
MOST TANTALISING WHEN
BABY'S COMFORTER
THREE BRASS BALLS
PLAIN COCK
TOO OLD TO FIGHT
SPRING CLEANING
LITTLE BIT OF FLUFF
PRUSSIAN DIET
WHEN WAR WILL END
MY SWEETHEART
THE GERMAN PEOPLE
VILLAGE BAND
WHEN FATHER'S PAID
IN A MUDDLE
NARROW ESCAPE
MOST PEOPLE DISLIKE
IN THE DANGER ZONE
MY WIFE
FEEDING THE LODGER
THE KAISER DOUBTS

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the 20 examples given above. Then give **TWO, THREE** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with **ANY** letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letter in the alphabet.

These Examples will help you:—

Example:—Most People Dislike.
Bullet:—Receiving Letter From Lawyer

Example:—In A Muddle.
Bullet:—After Night Out.

Example:—When Father's Paid.
Bullet:—Mother Smiles.

Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent.

Result of this Competition will be found in our issue dated April 7th.

This week's "Bullets" Coupons will also be found in Everywoman's dated March 10th.

BULLETS RULES. 1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to

JOHN BULL and crossed and Co.

Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

...and Pounds!

1,000 PRIZES OF 2/6

6,000 SPECIAL 'TARGET' PRIZES

5,000 OTHER HANDSOME PRIZES

'Bullets' HUGE EASTER EGG!

First Prize £1,000

Result of 226th 'Bullets' Competition

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:—

Mr. G. WALTERS, 24, St. John's Rd., Selby, Doncaster.
Example:—DOING HIS BIT.
Bullet:—EITHER GOING OR FOREGOING.

SECOND PRIZE OF £25:—

Mrs. C. POTTER, Newbiggin Dacre, Penrith.
Example:—WHAT FARMERS NEED.
Bullet:—ASSURANCES THAT THEY WON'T.

THIRD PRIZE OF £10:

Mr. P. LAIDLAW, Oakbank Road, Perth, Scotland.
Example:—LITTLE FLAT.
Bullet:—EASILY "CLEANED OUT."

10 PRIZES OF £5 EACH:—

Mrs. E. MEAD, 8, Weltye Road, Hammersmith, W.: MOST PROVOKING—THE PAY-SERGEANT'S ARITHMETIC.
Mr. J. CHRISTIE, 14, Hrowden Road, Inverness: NO CATCH—INSIDE GERMANY'S LARDER NOW.
Mr. C. E. JONES, 60, Stafford Road, Handsworth, near Birmingham: NO CATCH—ANGLER RESORTS TO "BILLINGSGATE."
Mrs. EDWARDSON, 38, Mulgrave Road, Cricklewood, N.W.: NATIONAL SERVICE—DILUTING LABOUR—NOT WHISKY.
Mr. J. REED, 164, Mill Lane, Newcastle-on-Tyne: STUNNING GIRL—TELLING HER HE'S MARRIED.
Mrs. PLANT, 533, Barton Lane, Barton-on-Irwell, Manchester: NATIONAL SERVICE—WE CANNOT "HELP" CRITICISING.
Mrs. ORRIN, "Fernlea," Crawley Down, Sussex: EATING TOO MUCH—EVIDENTLY HADN'T "DEVOURED" NEWSPAPERS.
Mr. I. CRYSTAL, 3a, Birley Street, Blackpool: NATIONAL SERVICE—COME ALONG "OLD CHAP."
FRANCES BRYAN, 11, Christchurch Terrace, Cheltenham: FOOD RATIONS—MEAN WE'LL "FINISH" SOONER.
Mrs. M. PHILLIPS, Cranston Road, East Grinstead: IN AMERICA—"CHANCE HERE" FOR GERMANY.

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:—

Cpl. A. G. HARRIS, Canadian Ordnance Corps, Liphook, Hants.: DOING HIS BIT—DOCTOR PRESCRIBING WORK
Mr. J. FARMER, 47, Nelson Rd., St. John's, Worcester: IN AMERICA—"GRAPE" BEARS ROTTEN "FRUIT." (Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)
Mr. T. P. BROMFIELD, Ash Lane Cottage, Wells, Somerset: POOR JOKE—MEEK "INHERITING" THE EARTH.
Miss A. COLEMAN, Claremont, Hatfield Heath, near Harlow, Essex: HELPING THE WAR LOAN—WISEST "COUNSEL" FOR "DEFENCE."
Mr. J. ADAM, Ivy Cottage, Cupar Angus, Scotland: REAL FAVOURITE—CARRIES THE KING'S "COLOURS."
Mr. C. S. BOYACK, 23, High Hill, Keswick: MONEY MATTERS—WHEN BRIDE DOES NOT.
Mr. E. COLLINSON, Lincoln Villa, Trinity Street, Llandudno, N. Wales: FOOD RATIONS—LATEST "ACT" OF PARLIAMENT.
Mr. A. PRITCHARD, 38, Baldis Lane, Wollescote, Stourbridge: LOOKS BAD—NO CONTROL OVER "PADDY."
Mrs. N. JAGGARD, 6, Dalkeith Rd., Dulwich, London, S.E.: READY FOR WAR—AMERICA DECLARES WITHOUT DECLARING
Mr. J. M. GRAY, Hartfield, Auchenlibber, Blantyre, Scotland: REAL FAVOURITE—TOMMY, AND SELDOM "BACKED."

No. _____ **Closing Date, Thursday, March 22nd.**

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(229) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on the opposite page.

Signed _____

Address _____

_____

If our coupons are used P.O. or 2s. must be sent.

COMPLETE LIST OF ALL CASH AND OTHER PRIZE-WINNERS CAN BE SEEN AT THE OFFICES OF "JOHN BULL."

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

Every copy of this week's issue bears a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and PUBLISHED IN THE FOLLOWING ISSUE

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL *on specified dates*, bearing ON THE COVER any of such numbers, we will, upon production **within seven days of publication** (time to be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid we require a full description of the work done.

The following have sent in correct claims:—

Miss N. ELLIOTT, 4, Dovemount Place, Hawick, Scotland. December 16th. 8.3,309.

DAVID THOMSON, Murrayfield Terrace, Bridgend, Bathgate, Scotland. February 10th. 316,6.5.

No. 210,858 Staff Sgt. F. G. Preston, Divl. Train, B.E.F. January 27th. 931,011.

Here are the fifty numbers for our issue of March 3rd.

001,161	299,120	624,611	890,482	A289,320
033,458	324,604	630 004	947,750	A346.163
085,2.0	379,108	682,772	985,294	A352,927
136,564	410,929	715,168	A006,340	A375 400
152,389	447,123	748,362	A051,453	A423,578
171,921	493,396	781,593	A092,674	A460,641
194,510	522,612	797,865	A136,091	A531,113
216 737	546,375	825,168	A175,552	A568,884
234,114	583,201	846,286	A211,224	A591,278
257,046	590,468	879,121	A242,682	A600,603

The A prefixed indicates that it is plus a million.
The Fifty numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue (published Mar. 14th).

£10 REWARD.

WANTED, the Copies of 'JOHN BULL' for March 3, 1917 bearing on the Covers the Numbers 279 644 and A502,208 Any person possessing either of these copies will be paid £5 upon applying to THE MANAGER "JOHN BULL," 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT FREE WAR INSURANCE.

We are giving, absolutely free of charge, an Insurance against ZEPPELIN or other AIR RAID, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, RAID, RIOT, CIVIL COMMOTION, CIVIL WAR, REVOLUTION, REBELLION, BLOCKADE—and cover every risk to life, limb and Home. Anyone can be insured, irrespective of sex or age, on a separate coupon must be filled in for each person. Remember, this Ordinary fire and accident Policies offer no protection whatever against war risks.

Our scheme is simple and comprehensive, and does not bother about any "legal representative" or "next-of-kin." We shall pay the amount to the insured, who must properly sign the coupon, or to the person nominated thereon, and to no one else. Be sure to fill in a coupon for every member of your family. The Newsagent's Order Form will keep you permanently insured during such period as this Insurance Scheme and your order to the Newsagent remain in force. Readers only, however, obtain all the advantages by sending in every week the Registration Coupon with claim (if stricken out, which will be available for seven days after its receipt by us.

Claims must be received by us within forty-eight hours of the injury and must be supported by such evidence as may be required by the Editor, whose decision shall be final upon all questions. Not more than one claim, which must be endorsed to one of the events, can be entertained in respect of any one person or home, the address of which must be registered.

We reserve to ourselves the right to limit our total payments to £1,000, and do not pay more than £5,000 in respect of claims from any one period. Payment will be made subject to the rights which the claimant may have or acquire against any other newspaper or insurance body, we paying a proportionate amount of the total admitted claim.

Our Insurance Scheme applies exclusively to British-born subjects, and those of friendly powers in the British Isles—and also to Germans, Hungarians, Austrians, Turks, or Bulgarians, even though "not armoured," nor to members of His Majesty's Forces on Active Service, although the home of the latter, situate outside military or naval premises, may be insured.

WHAT WE WILL PAY.

In respect of any person (man, woman or child) who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed or dies within 7 days of receiving injury from any of the events named, we will, subject to the fulfilment of the few simple conditions set out below, pay the sum of	£200
Should he, or she, in the course of any of these happenings, become permanently totally disabled	£100
Should his, or her, home become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding	£350
Loss of one quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to	£25
Medical fees (or in case not proving fatal, but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to	£10

TO AVOID FILLING UP REGISTRATION FORM WEEKLY.

You may if you are a regular and continuous reader of JOHN BULL—or decide to become one—sign this coupon and hand it to your newsagent, and you will be insured for all the benefits of the scheme as published in each issue, so long as this order and the scheme remain in force.

TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To..... Newsagent.

.....

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed .....

March 10, 1917. .....

NOTE. Each member of a family desiring to be insured must fill up a separate form

If you make use of this Newsagent's Form, you must fill in clause (a) of the Registration Form, which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 13, Long Acre, London, W.C., where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

A half-penny stamp should be forwarded if an acknowledgment of receipt of Coupon is desired.

REGISTRATION FORM.

Which must be posted to—
The INSURANCE DEPT. JOHN BULL, Long Acre, W.C.

This is to notify that I have this day (Strike out one of these. March 10th, 1917.

(a) Placed an order for the regular weekly supply of JOHN BULL with

.....

Newsagent, of.....

.....

and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme. ..... OR .....

(b) Purchased a copy of JOHN BULL, dated as under, and desire to be insured against war risks for one week from the date of receipt by you of this form.

And in the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death:—

Name of Nominee.....

Address .....

Signature of Insured .....
[Mr., Mrs. or Miss]

Address of home .....

.....

Round the World with CHAIRMAN JUNIORS

Chili.

From far-off Piccadilly, 'tis a long, long way to Chili,
And the natives stare and wonder who these little freaks can be;
Quoth our goblins, We're the Jokers, who supply the wide world's smokers,
With our famous Chairman Junior Cigarettes at 10 *for* 3*d.*

In Chairman Juniors quality tells. They are really good. There is no better cigarette and no better value than they are. They are the original Chairman Cigarettes, made a little smaller to enable men who appreciate quality to still have it in their cigarettes, and at the popular price of 3d. a packet. They are sold by tobacconists and Canteens everywhere at

3d. for 10.

There are no pictures or coupons with Chairman Juniors, all the value being in the Cigarettes. . . . They are made and guaranteed in every particular by

R. J. LEA, Ltd. Manchester.

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All Editorial Communications must be addressed to the Editor at 93, Long Acre, and applications for Advertisement Space in "John Bull" must be made to Messrs. ODHAMS LIMITED (Advertisement Department), 93-93, Long Acre, London, W.C. Telephone: Gerrard 9870 (seven lines).